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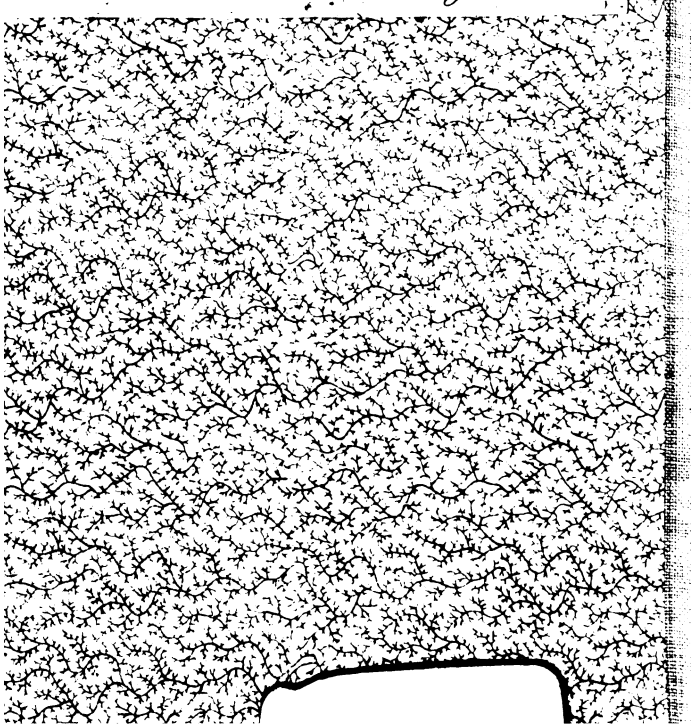
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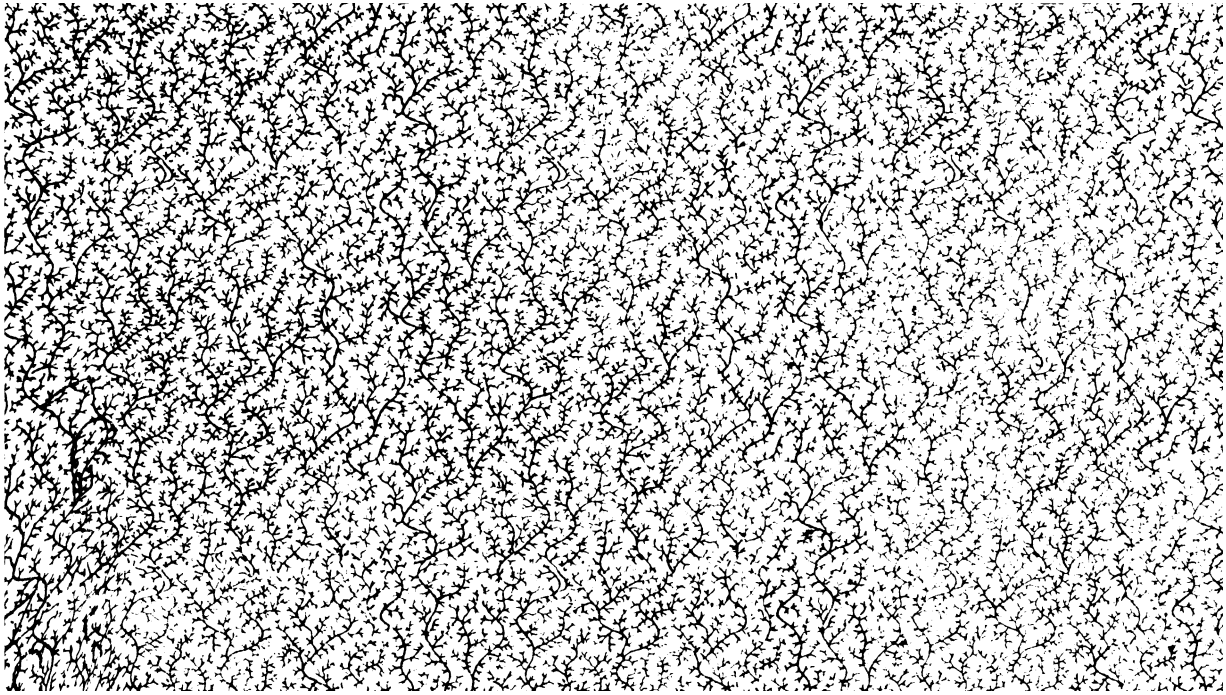
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CAMILLUS AND COLUMNA;

OR, THE

SLEEPING BEAUTY:

A DRAMA.

SCENE—SICILIA.

" Our life's a dream—and this a dream of it."
Act 5.—Scene 2.—CAM. *and* COL.

" There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
" Than are dream't on in our Philosophy." — HAMLET.

————" The pillow hath it's whisperers:
" In the air unseen, flit many beings, that with human matters
" Are ever tampering."—CIRCE.

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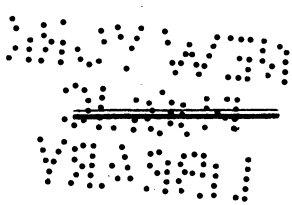
To CLARISSA.

IF thy gentle soul, full of the kind *milk* of human pity, hath with maternal feelings read the perils of the young Lord PARIDELLO and VIOLETTA*; let now that same gentle spirit of thine enter on the Story of the fair and virtuous COLUMNA. O CLARISSA, can there be any discomfort to the soul from the persuasion that there are *invisible* guardians around us, who were once our *visible* friends, loving and beloved? I am firmly of opinion, with our ever estimable poet, that there are more things in heaven and earth than our common philosophy dreams of.

May the gentlest of that amiable train of spirits ever guard, guide, and tune to hap-

* Vide Children in the Wood.

piness every thought of thy heart. In this aspiration it would be a solecism to suppose abstracted thy twin-sister in loveliness, the chearful LUCILIA.—Farewell.



PROEMA

TO

CAMILLUS AND COLUMNA.

THE leading idea of this Drama was suggested by the infantine Story of "*La Belle au Bois dormant*," full of fanciful description and supernatural agency. From remotest antiquity the visible appearance of Spirits has been believed. However problematical it be, yet being relevant to our present purpose, we have availed ourselves of it. The reports of travellers in Germany and Wales, have rendered the existence of Fairies an absolute truth! In this latter principality, credible witnesses have averred their having not only seen but conversed with this Lilliputian nation; for they represent them as beings very diminutive in person, but of active powers, and even mischievous when offended. In the annals of the fifteenth century, a record * is preserved of their frequently

* Vide Prat's Gleanings.

visiting an antient woman of Denbyshire in Wales, who described them as the most pleasant little creatures imaginable, and in green vestments.—Almost every farm-house can boast of their visits: but the dairy is the principal scene of their choice.—Their dances and music were ever in the light of the moon; and a most spirited painting of the same now exists in Vauxhall Gardens, by Hayman's delicate pencil, which has ever received the greatest commendation. The alarm mixt with delight on the peasant's face is beyond all praise. Horace's beautiful picture of the Graces in his 4th Ode, so well suits the Fairies, that I cannot resist giving his fine lines:—

" Jam Cytherea choros ducit VENUS
" Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes imminente Luna,
" Alterno terram quatium pede."

The poets, no less than the painters, have worshipped the Fairies:—Chaucer, Spencer, Drayton, Dryden, Pope, &c. have enriched their works with them; nor must we omit the head and chief of all " SHAKSPEARE." — His " Midsummer Night's Dream," comprises the whole Fairy History; which has given a new machinery to our Poesy. We have in this our Drama of CA-

MILLUS

MILLUS and COLUMNA, adopted the higher system, which appears to be the true character of the Fairy. In the prosecution of the plot we have not departed from that part of the character they claim by prescription; namely, the amiable quality of hilarity, but devoid of buffoonery and puerility. We allow them all seducing pleasant accomplishments, such as being invisible agents, charming musicians, blest with angelic voices, the most light, aërial, gay, and fantastic dancers, powerful in enchantment, even over one another, and over the most potent necromancy and spells of evil spirits; friends of the virtuous; foes of the vicious, and promoters of the best of human felicities, which is ever found in the union (their devising) of youth and beauty in the bands of marriage—

"A wedding is the Fairies holiday."

Though OBERON and TITANIA are supposed to have universal knowledge, they are not exempt of error of judgment, which belongs to all below the angelic system; yet are they open to conviction. Great scope is hereby given to stage business, and implication of situation, which are sources abounding with such scenery as can never fail giving pleasure to all, without descending from the dignity of character. On the dispersing of the of-

fuscating clouds of Error, the denouement comes on easily and naturally, and the auditors are happy from the poetic justice which is distributed to delinquents.

The insanity of SILVIA, in the 5th Act, has been deemed to resemble too nearly that of OPHELIA in Hamlet. We will not offer any defence further than to say, that SILVIA's derangement proceeds upon strong natural grounds, and which daily abound in all countries. The loss of an amiable young lover, and a PRINCE withal, for whom the most violent passion had been formed, is quite sufficient to overset the mind of an high spirited Court Lady; and the more aggravating as the prize is won by a rival beauty, ever beheld with a most decided fastidiousness, as her inferior in pretensions. The gloom of a Convent is, even in our days, no uncommon refuge for disappointed love: In the warm climate of beautiful SICILY, such seclusions from such causes are scarce noticed, by reason of their frequency.

OPHELIA's insanity from the loss of an old parent (however beloved) is not of the same weight as that of SILVIA, and in this we think we have the advantage of SHAKESPEARE.—SILVIA's aberrations produce to our Drama some very beautiful and interesting scenes, which we conceive cannot

not fail of giving pleasure to every beholder.—We also trust to have managed matters, so as to establish hopes of the recovery of our Fair Sufferer by the election of some other worthy object, on whom her fine person and great wealth may be honourably and happily bestowed.

PROLOGUE.

WHOEVER, with a microscopic eye,
Of life—views Nature's infinite supply,
Sees worlds of creatures rise in every scope,
And monsters gambol in their sea—a drop.
Who takes the telescope in like survey,
Finds systems endless in the milky way.
These subtle truths the natural eyes explore,
The WISE, all trembling, view them, and adore.
Shall the mind's eye—all-penetrative beam,
See nothing, tho' endued to the extreme?
Absurd! from what we know, this point we gain,
" Great NATURE ne'er created ought in vain."
Can then this mighty void of glorious sky,
Want habitants which meanest weeds supply?
" Millions of spirits (1) walk this earth unseen,
" And flit the sky"—it is the soul's demesne—
Emancipated from all earthly chains:—
For whate'er had a being still (2) remains.

(1) Milton.
(2) See Locke on Existence, &c.—Chap. xi. Sec. 12.

In just gradation heaven's best works prevail,
See the procession in a rising scale.
Perception—Instinct—Reason—sacred train!
Compose all Nature's infinite domain.
Reason yet rises as the Gods dispense,
Man—Newton (1)—Angel—such the realm of sense.
In classes Reason takes the rising tone,
Progressive chain to the Eternal's Throne!
Intelligencies fill th' unmeasur'd scene—
Spirits sublim'd!—perhaps, the souls of men.

Man's life, an antient doctrine much befriends;
"A guardian Angel every man attends."
Nay, some there are who teach that man's estate
Two rule—the one of love, and one of hate. (2)
Grant this—no wonder then whence comes caprice,
Our wisdoms, follies, virtues or our vice:
Mere flutes alone, play'd on, by this or t'other—
Man now seeks silence, now he loves a pother.
One is a hermit—one a cut-throat see;
This beauty is all chaste—and that all free;
Variety seems Nature's history.
This certain truth is easy yet to find,
That every fair who rears Columna's mind;

(1) The world's arrangement of this great name, is, that he is superior to common *Man*, but inferior to *Angel*.
(2) Plato.

By

By troops of social spirits shall be led,
Preserv'd from michief—and not die a maid;
With nicest care they keep her virgin charms,
And bring at last CAMILLUS to her arms.
Ah let no barren convent take the dame,
Whose hapless love is on another's claim.
Fair youths abound—despair's from folly bred,
The fairies hate the self-devoted maid,
Their highest revels are the bridal bed.
There OBERON and TITANIA sport and play,
A wedding is the fairies holiday.

T. P.

PERSONS.

FERDINAND, *King of* SICILIA.
LUCULLUS, *a rich Noble.*
CAMILLUS, *son of* FERDINAND.
LEANDER, *a young Noble.*
SEBASTIAN, PEDRO, } *friends of* LEANDER.
FORESTERS.

AMPHIPOLA *of* TUNIS, *2d Queen of* FERDINAND
COLUMNA, *her daughter.*
SYLVIA, *daughter to* LUCULLUS.
LEONA, *attendant on* COLUMNA.

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
CYNTHILLA, FILM, BLOSSOM, *&c.* } *Fairies.*
ROBIN *of the* MOONSHINE, *&c. &c.*

SCENE IN SICILIA.

CAMILLUS AND COLUMNA;

OR,

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

"Our Life's a Dream—and this a Dream of it?"
CAM. *and* COL.—Scene 5.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A WOOD *and* MOONLIGHT.

Enter Two FAIRIES.

1*st. F.* WELL met, Cynthilla — What, do you seek the Queen?

2*d F.* Oh, gentle Robin, is it you! tell me, my dear,
Where is the Queen?—Since the fair moon is up
I have bootless rambled thro' these darksome woods,
And cannot find her.—I was hither bid,
And so were all, upon some grand affair;
But what it is, I yet am left to know.

1*st F.*

1st F. Then I will tell you——
This night, there is to be a great debate,
'Tween Oberon and Titania—this is the time:
The cold moon hath climb'd half-way up the sky,
And all earth's habiters are hush'd in sleep.
To meet our King, wait I among these trees—
They'll all be here, anon—The contest is
About two creatures, form'd of earthly mould,
Who from their birth, with choice and tender care
They have nurs'd up——— —

2d F. O, the Prince Camillus and his fair Columna.

1st F. The same—and now the important question is—
To pair them blisfully; but our Emperor,
The patron of the Prince, hath made election
Of a fair virgin, whom it seems your Queen
Holds no ways in approof:—She having rear'd,
As her own child, a fairer far than she,
The bright Columna.

2d F. —Columna I know well;
She's Princess of this isle; and I have often
Been sent on errands by our gaudy Queen,
To carry favours to her.—I have stolen
The hues of rose buds, in a rainy morn,
To paint her cheeks with vermeil as she grew.
'Tis I have had th' adorning of her mind,
Giving her thoughts sweet life and gaiety.—

When

When e'er she sleeps, I play around her head,
Driving away the tempters of the night,
And painting on her fancy flowery dreams,
Seraphic harpings twanging in his ears,
Such notes as mortals hear not---
Long, by the ordonnance of our sovereign lady,
I've turn'd her thoughts towards the lovely Prince,
Whom Oberon hath chosen for his ward;
And they two must, I trow, be knit together,
However Oberon may cast in mind.

1st F. You know, that Oberon will bear no word
That checks his course—you know his lordly mind.

2d F. Ay, my dear—do you not likewise know
Titania too will have her will.——

1st F. I wou'd not have them fall to contraries,
Seeing the mischiefs which derive therefrom;
Then all the elements are in misrule—
Then seasons change, and in a wildful sort
Riot with nature—then disorders break
Among the nations of the wide spread climes—
Stars flame in heaven, and ship-wrecking storms
Join to dismay earth's trembling habiters.

2d F. Peace!—See the King and Queen are met,
And hither they bend way.——

Enter

Enter OBERON, TITANIA *and Trains.*

Ob. Welcome, Titania, to rich Sicily—
You come to bless with song and revelry,
The union which we long have had in mind
Shou'd bind my young and loving Prince Camillus
With Silvia, whom we've chosen for his love;
And which to celebrate, we hither come
From fairy land.—What says our Queen?

Tit. No, Oberon, not so:
Hearing your wild and misweighed resolution,
We leave our pleasures in the fairy land,
That to prevent, which being once perform'd,
Unites Camillus to a world of woe.

Ob. How unto woe?—belov'd Titania!

Tit. Camillus is not dearer unto thee
Than unto us; for we have lov'd him, Oberon,
With treble the affection e'er his mother,
(Who now lives with the Gods,) afforded him.
To make him happy in the marriage knot,
When time shou'd be, (which time is now spun up)
Our thoughts, e'en at his birth, were full possess'd.
This we shall do in all points suiting him.
Two hundred courses hath yon moon now run,
Since high Amphipola, of Tunis Queen,
By me was of a lovely girl unburthen'd.
This girl, my Lord, the fair Columna nam'd,
Have I nurs'd up with true and tender care:

Perfecting

Perfecting in her virtues of such grace,
That mortals seeing her, call her divine,
Being in truth scarce short of angel-kind;
She to my Prince Camillus must be wife.
Oh how unlike is she, the nymph you choose!
What is this Silvia?—daughter to a man
Whose sole respect derives from canker'd wealth;
Besides the maid herself is all made up
Of pride, conceit, disdain, and arrogance;
And should the Prince, by error of thy heart,
Be to her wedded, thence to him will spring,
As I have said, a world of weighty woe.

Ob. I know not whence it comes, Titania;
But we, who ought t' accord for evermore,
Go hand in hand, in every step we take,
Will the same thing, and work to th' same effect,
Do frequent part unto a different view:—
And, but that I love thee, the dear'st of all,
I now could sign thee to depart from hence,
For thwarting that we strongly have at heart.
Thou say'st that Silvia is compos'd of pride,
And hateful qualities.—I see them not—
But see a thousand graces starring in her,
Like constellations, making her a form
The gods themselves might sue for.——For evil issuings
Do not thou fear—for I have given him wisdom
To guide him in the worst.

Tit.

Tit. True, Oberon—
In him thou hast done thy part; for thou hast made him
With choice endowments, as thy minion youth.
There is such beauty in each thing he does,
Such grace unspeakable, such witchery,
That vice, if vice could find an entrance in him,
Would take so charming and so bright a face,
That all mankind wou'd grow in love with it,
And virtue leave unworshipp'd.—Wherefore now
Seek'st thou, my Lord, to mar thy precious work,
By wedding him to one we do not love—
Nor bears our seal on soul.

Ob. Titania—to check our will hath ever been thy way;
Thus did'st thou do, when we had yielded Helen
As spouse to gallant Menelaus—wrench'd it
To most foul, bloody, and adulterous ends,
By stirring up the lustful Paris:—thus
With Clytemnestra and her Spartan spouse:
Thus didst thou———

Tit. Oberon, take all on thyself;
Who in conjunction's art most prodigal,
Yet sortest not like tempers to their like—
Whence spring eternal feuds and misery.
'Tis otherwise when similars unite—
Give honest Priam, loving Hecuba;

And

And wise Ulysses, constant in his love,
As changeless love in his Penelope.
Then worldly things would pace with gentleness,
With peace, with lov'd content and happiness.
See'st thou yon limpid brook aside the wood,
Leading luxuriously its silver tides,
To bless the various regions it adorns:
Yet check its pleasing course, anon in rage
It peers above its banks, and 'stroys the flowers it feeds.'

Ob. Get thee away from hence to Fairy-land,
Whose cooling caves, fair streamlets, woody dells,
Wanting your songs must be disconsolate;
The lawns grow wild wanting your gentle feet
To press in dance the too luxuriant herbs:
Go—leave us here to do our work alone.

Tit. Say thou wilt wed Columna to Camillus,
Then we'll obey, and get hence suddenly.

Ob. Camillus shall wed Silvia—be gone, Titania—
You move our anger—hence to Fairy-land.

Tit. I will not live to see the pains, long taken
By both of us, so vilely thrown away:
For if Camillus weds proud Silvia,
I see a sacrifice may quickly follow,
(If we by sudden death not intervene)
Of my fair child unto Leander, who
Merits no more such treasures as are her's,
Than worst the best.

Ob.

Ob. Haughty Titania! Sith thou wilt not obey
with gentle will,
We must divorce us from thy company,
And work by violence—so fare thee well, Titania.
[*Exit Oberon and his Train.*
Tit. And, Oberon, fare thee well—Time soon
shall be
That thou shalt worship what thou now neglectest.
Come hither Blossom, Film, Cynthilla, all
My trusty elvies, listen, this must we do—
To-morrow, Ferdinand of this island King,
Gives to the nobles of his antient reign,
A solemn hunting, and the yearly feast.
Now you Cynthilla, gentle fairy, hie thee
Whilst night doth keep undrawn his curtains
dim,
To the soft couch where fair Columna sleeps;
There, on the snow-chaste fancy of the maid,
In pleasing colours figure her the chace:
The noble chiding of the cheerful hounds,
The horn, the halloo, and the bustling cheer
Of horse and hunter—and in bright attire
Shew her the image of fresh-ey'd Camillus;
Yea all so beauteous, that in end she wish
To be one of the pleasant company.
So will she put the dream to an effect,
And be to-morrow ranging thro' these woods,
Like Dian, circled by a smiling troop.

What

What then we'll do, shall be unto their good,
Yet what is our intent—'tis time must shew:
[*Exit Cynthilla.*
Away, away to thy task—see the night wains—
The moon gets high, and Heaven's golden spots
'Gin fade i'the east—the owlets think of rest,
And the low-roosted lark will sudden up
To hail the sun, all gorgeous issuing forth,
Like a young blushing bride—follow us, we must spy,
What Oberon enacts—nimbly, fairies, follow—follow.

" Follow—follow—follow me,
" In song—in dance and revelry."

[*Exeunt singing.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON, *and his Court.*

Ob. Hither, Umbratilis—you my nimblest spirit,
That catch'st the shooting stars in the dead of night—
Come near, and list—list all—there's much to do;
And mark me well.—Our Queen Titania,
Must be amerc'd in certain waywardness.—
The horn and hunters will be soon a-field,
So 'tis arrang'd—an ancient annual chace
And festival of the court.
Fays all—and Fairies—Sylvids—Ministers

Be

Be all alive this day—prompt in our hests.
The Lords and Ladies all will quick be here,
All richly dight, gay as the bow of heaven,
Each with the other vying—beauties are ever rivals;
And this so fair a morn will draw all forth.
The courtly butterflies delight in the sun;
And to the warm and genial shining orb,
Spread they their gorgeous wings, catching Sol's beams,
As lover's hearts.—Mark, Sylvids all—
Mark you that glory of Sicilia's reign,
The Prince Camillus, whom all hearts agnise
The prime of nature, and the love of Gods,
For generous, genuine, noblest, glorious havings.
See too, that jewel of the female race,
Love's paragon—fair Silvia—Mark me, my fays—
'Tis she whom I elect his paramour:
The first in beauty's list—
Form'd in the happy hour of Heaven's best art;
That e'en the Gods themselves, of antient story—
Jove, Phœbus, all—might quit their state to gain.
Indeed a couple they, each for the other made,
Creation's range not furnishes their like.
Yet strange as true, and true as lamentable,
Our haughty Queen sways to avert the match,
And wills another: Yon fair African:—
Fair is she too, but claim'd by another fate.

She

She must not thwart our high and grand design:
That rival must be put in firmest bonds:
Fierce tho' the contest be.—Mark, Fairies, all—
We rule this rolling globe——no mix'd reign here.
And when our Queen is kind, then all is peace:
But when we differ—then the world is war.
Fairy of mine—that rival must be sped
Far from the Prince's eye—the task be thine:
This cristal vaselet—Mark me, Fairy gentle—
It holds a dew distill'd of necromancy
In the dark hour of the old moon's eclipse.
Our grand-dam's doing—a potent fairy she.
Bent double o'er the work—she pour'd as it form'd
On every drop a curse—the wicked juice
Of poisonous Hellebore, that darks the sense;
Papavera, that blinds the cautious eye;
And hellish Mandragora—imp of night:
All gather'd from the deep lethean sound,
Cocytus by, and yelling Phlegethon.
Nature's dark powers, in one drop combin'd,
By chemic potency.—With this can I
Arrest the grand march of th' eternal globe:
Stop the diurnal coursing of the sun:
Call, at a breath, the passing ages back,
Like to the gentle vision of a sleep.
The moon at our caprice, capricious seems.

'Tis thence derive her strange anomalies,
Her phases, gibbous, crescent, or the wane.
Ocean's old kingdom, and his billowy rage,
Settles to calm, by one poor petty drop,
Cast o'er her furrowy waves. Of human bloods
Stop we at will pulsations various:—
Assuage man's senses to a pleasing calm;
And settle nature like a very death!
Fairy, take this, and quickly to the work;
Hie to the valley west the little lake,
The shepherds call it, DIAN's Looking Glass:
Dian's retreat, as loving virgin calm.
There boughs spontaneous offer golden fruits,
Apple or berry—nut or clustring grape,
To the foot-founder'd way-farer all tempting.
Sprinkle abundant dews o'er every *one*;
For thither by our sway, we mean adduce
Our marked rival—this much fear'd African,
The fair Columna named.—Away, speed to the work;
But keep thee from the eye, the prying eye
Of our all thwarting Queen.—Fly—fly!—Away.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*

Manet OBERON.

Ob. (apart.) Tempted she'll eat the fruits,
And then our plan's complete.
Death or death's similar shall take Columna,
Long as our pleasure or displeasure holds.

On

On one poor globe two beauties ne'er could reign—
Secure Columna, in a viewless chain,
Camillus, void of hope, must wed as we ordain.

AIR.

" Thrice happy state that shall befal—
" To seem to die in sleep's enthral;
" Oblivion's reign is our decree,
" From former *love's* distractions free."

SCENE III.——*In the Palace.*

Enter KING *and* LUCULLUS.

K. 'Tis true, Lucullus, our Queen Amphipola
Solicits his affections for her daughter.
But sure, in this case, we will claim the right
A father hath in choosing for his son.
So our parental power having way,
Silvia, your child, shall be our son's true love.

L. Ah, Sir! but it is buzz'd by the general,
That the young Prince hath firmly set his heart
On the Queen's daughter. Now if that be true,
Whate'er you may put down in hearty wish,
May in effect have issue opposite.

K. Doubt not the bearings of his duty to us,
Which from his infancy have been as true
To my soul's guidance, as the things of the earth
To the star's rule.—He wears his mind, Lucullus,

As works our pleasure; and of this so sure
Am I, that if, (which much hangs in my doubt)
He lock'd Columna in the core of his heart,
And we did signify disapprobation,
He wou'd i'the instant from his heart eject her.
Now doubt it nothing, noble Counsellor,
Your daughter must be wedded to our son.

L. It is my hourly wish—by day, by night,
Roots it in my soul.—Her marriage portion
Shall be one half I do possess i'the isle,
Of fields, of vineyards, woods, and fishy streams;
Wide ranging flocks, and numerous milky herds,
Whose total worth, I trow, doth much exceed
Your revenue, in the isle, thrice told.

K. Our son approaches—
I'll put him to confession of his love:
He is accout'red for this day's great chace,
In the which sport his youthful time so lives,
That th' early sun a sluggard is to him.
Please you retire hereby—whence you may hear
All from his own mouth. [LUC. *goes aside.*

Enter CAMILLUS *and* FORESTERS.

C. Sylvius.

F. My Lord.

C. The fleet Syennian I will mount to day;
You lead black Barbary to be near at hand.
[*Exeunt Foresters.*
Good time of dawning to your highness.

K. Good

K. Good morrow.—Hark thee, Camillus,
Now, in good time, I have a thing to tell thee:—
Thou being (and I thank the bounteous gods)
The only son the Fates have spar'd unto me,
To be the crown and comfort of my age;
So have I purs'd up in thy happy being
All my terrestrial joys.—Now mark, Camillus.

C. In the name of happiness—what springs of this?
Sir, I am attentive.—

K. The treasure which I have in thee, my son,
Now thou hast seen the course of twenty springs,
I, like a miser that on usury doats,
Would willing look to see increase in worth.
A father's joys are doubled when he views
His son's young progeny play round his chair.
And as the second valued thing to life
Is in a fair, a loving proper mate,
Which to elect, unbiass'd by vain weights,
Is the true province of maturer years;
For youth's warm blood is oft precipitate;
So in our tender and parental care,
Have we cast eyes upon the lovely charms
Of Silvia, daughter to the Lord Lucullus.
What sayst, Camillus?—thou must honor her.

C. Such honor as to such a lady's due,
Such will I ever yield—no less.

K. Why that's well said,

And thou must yield her much, for high's her merit.
Shew me her like upon the face of earth.
She's tall as woman needs to be, with grace—
Sings like a cherub, and doth touch the lute,
That the soul lives in extasy as great
As do those peace-departed spirits, who
Are welcom'd from their pains by Seraph's tune
Into the mansions of the Gods supreme.
Would I were young again! I shou'd be rapt
To feed upon so rich a Paradise:
Let me revive in you—Go, woo her well,
And make my joy complete in wedding her,
That I may call the noble virgin daughter.
Ha?—dost not thank me?—dost not bless thyself?
Speak——

C. For good intended me, my duty bids me
To thank you, love you, and most honour you.
Yet in a matter weighty as is this,
Blame wou'd cling to me were I suddenly
To answer yea.—Good my father, now,
Let me revolve a while, weigh it in thought:
So in conclusion, shall my prudence too
Reflect due honour on your loving choice.

K. Well, this is prudence which might well be spar'd,
Since in my cool unerring judging scale

She

She hath been weigh'd.—We give thee this whole day
To think upon it.—At its close we look
[You second us in judgment—think, Camillus,
By this the wealth of half our Sicily
Descended from the antients of her line,
Settles in her, and the whole reign is thine.]
(*In a low voice.*)

C. If the Alchemic sun (*Aloud.*)
Turn'd all her inheritance to massy gold,
In our mind's scale it wou'd not weigh a grain—
In a wife we look for nobler qualities
Than golden havings.

K. There spake our royal self,
The highly cultur'd mind—the lofty glowing spirit,
A spark of heav'n's own flame—that—that is Silvia's—
The jewel worth the world.
—In the evening—mark— [*Exit Cam.*

L. He hath not the least relish of that love
Our daughter merits—certes he in heart,
Loves e'en as fame gives out.

K. The boy from of old
Hath note for much reflection; but I know
In the even' he'll go unto the tune I wish,
I doubt it nothing—let me see thee then.

L. I'll meet your highness in the evening—
Meanwhile I'll go to comfort my poor girl,

Who, did she think Camillus slighted her,
Would break her piteous heart. [*Exit Luc.*
K. Go, simple boy, love is for vulgar souls—
Not the blood-royal.—Pow'r—territory—wealth
Mark royal marryings.—Go—simple—go—
Beware—our wrath and disinheritance.
[*Exit King.*

SCENE IV.—*A Bed Chamber.*

COLUMNA *sitting.*

C. O! if my waking thoughts were but as gay
As those that play about me when I sleep,
I never shou'd know what it is to sigh.
O, give me ever, gentle Gods, such dreams,
Columna scarce wou'd wish to awake again!——
What—ho!
I'll move the ladies of the court to join
The chace which this day is—Leona!
Enter Lady.
Now, good Leona, get thee to the Queen,
And with our duties of the morn, present
Requests that she be present at the chace;
But if she will not forth, beseech her Ladies,
To come into our train; for we will hunt,
The Gods so willing.—That done, Leona,
Give orders to the grooms, that they prepare
Our horses for the time. I prithee, sweet,
Be near us all this day.

L. Madam,

L. Madam, I'll go.
But may I know—(to give an answer due,
If am ask'd)—what 'tis particular
That moves your highness to this antient chace,
Where seldom women are beheld?

C. I'll tell thee then—
A dream I have had this night, I thought I rode
Upon a sprightly courser in the chace.
Oh, how I gloried in the gallant work!
Methought I headed a most radiant troop
Of the court ladies, like the Sylvan Queen,
When in th' Achaian woods she drives the deer,
Follow'd by all the virgins of her reign.
Then—as I wav'd my boar spear all aloft,
The horns made ring the woods, and shout the chace;
The fierce game rous'd, the nimble hounds struck up
A thousand melodies amid the shades,
Where the most tuneful echo liv'd enshrin'd,
And play'd the notes again—and then the hunters,
Garb'd lik'd the com'rades of the youthful PHŒBUS:——
Oh, how my soul was wrapt! and when I wak'd
I straight resolv'd to taste, in very truth,
What did in dreams afford me so much joy.
This day I'll robe me in an azure suit,
My hair in ringlets, with a crescent crown'd;

In hand a spear—yea—at all points I'll be
Resemblant to fresh Dian; and do you, Leona,
So suit yourself, and signify the rest,
To look like Dian's nymphs—so will we go,
And set mens eyes at variance with their sense,
An if old Time's roll'd back, and we it's pageants.

L. I like your fancy well; and I will get me
Unto the ladies, who, I am sure, will hasten
To follow you to the field. [*Exit Leona.*

C. O my soul's pleasure, gentle fair Camillus!
I saw thee in my dream, so lovely fair,
That I cou'd die for very love of thee.
I'll see thee now in the chace—grant, gentle Gods,
Thou lookst as fair, and bears't upon thy cheek
As sweet a smile, as bore thy vision.
Ah me! I fear the vanity of sleep.
But if my dream be fume, and of no truth,
A thousand years of waking time I'd give
For one—one night of so much happiness.

Enter the QUEEN.

Good time of the day, to your Highness.

Q. Good morrow, daughter—What's this Leona brings?
That you will be an huntress this good day!—
Do so, fair love; the ladies all are bustling
To make your train——Camillus will be glad;

For

For if I read him right, your presence will
Afford him more of pleasure than the chace,
Tho' he doats on it e'en to extasy.
Now look to it, daughter, that your sprightliness
Be as a soul unto your gay attire,
To put a life in every motion—
Dian, by birth, her nymphs transcended not
So much as by her life and nobleness,
Which did denote her to the general eye
Queen of the Sylvans, at the very glance.
Assume her portliness, as well as garb,
Which will proclaim thee Princess by desert;
And take my word, before the mort of the chace
Many a noble heart will be transfix'd :—
Camillus must be toiled.

C. Alas! now am I such a wretched thing,
That I must seek such poor ungenerous ways
As toil him into love?—No; good, my mother—
no—
If he loves not from the motion of the soul
Alike in homespun as in shining gauds,
I wou'd not forth this day.
O trust me now—were he the fairest youth;
Had note for wisdom 'bove the race of wise;
Were Emperor of the universal world—
I have so much of pride as would unbuild
Whatever fabric love might raise in my heart.
I do disdain the thoughts of toiling him;
Beside I know his heart is well reclaim'd,

Unmov'd by pageants which our sex may wear.
He long has call'd me love—his only love;
What can I in return, but cherish him
In heart, with fervour and affection,
Whatever be the fates allotted each.
Oh! if the Gods, disposers of all things,
Make me his wife, my little scyon of love
Would sudden blossom, and anon become
A full expanded flower—I shou'd prize him
The jewel worth the world.—What now I do
Is but to gain a sight of him in the chace;
For then, they say, he makes the loveliest shew
That youth e'er did—then warm'd with double life
His young and sprightly courser grows full proud,
To be the bearer of so fine a Boy.
With feather in his cap, and spear in hand,
As head of his bright and youthful company;
The live blood mounting in his healthy cheek;
He chears the brown and antiquated woods,
Which never since the age the Gods liv'd here,
Beheld so bright a shew.—I will surprise him,
By meeting him in field, as I have design'd
No toil in view, but from the spirit of mirth,
Of rural joy—and May's festivity.
He loves, I trust, too true to need a toil;
And I'm too proud to seek to such, if needed.

Q. Never was pride before worn with such grace;

Never

Never was love so beautiful through pride;
Never was youth so meriting of love:
And now I'll lay the flattering thought to heart,
As tho' I'had read it in the books of fate,
That spite of all the King may plan in's mind,
Camillus lives for you, and you for him,
And Silvia for whoever wants repair
In Fortune's graces.—You must be a Queen.

C. It is a state that comes not in my wish,
In my mind's stores I nothing view that's like it—
Long live, my Lord, your good and royal husband.
If my Camillus were a farmer's son;
For love of such bright qualities he hath
I would shroud up the highness of my birth,
And for his sake become a shepherd's daughter;
So to be his.——

Q. As much as I commend
The generous disposition of your soul,
In matters of high worth and nobleness,
So must I quarrel with the humbleness
That mingles with nobility.—In that
From the great Author of your blood you shrink,
As from my prospects, for your good and mine.
Oh, if the Prince of Tunis, your royal father,
Liv'd now, he wou'd instruct thee e'en as I do.
As thus, Camillus, thou must certain win,

If

If he mix nuptials with yon Silvia,
The fortunes of our family are marr'd.
The King is deep in years—make sure the crown.
And as we know that Ferdinand in's heart,
Looks unto Silvia as the Prince's wife,
By that means to adjoin unto the crown
Her father's wealth, which works him jealousy:
When you reflect on issues militant,
You surely will enlist you on my part:
Our bliss or woe being adjunct to his act.

C. Let the great Gods dispose of us their creatures,
As they know most expedient unto good.
If Silvia is, by their divine election,
To be the wife of our much honour'd Prince,
Self-conscious dignity shall bear me high.
In adoration will I laud the ways,
Whose wisdom Providence obscures from sight.

Q. Fair love, the gods have given us counsel and wisdom
To lead us to the good which looks most true.
If we, by laying by the means, shou'd miss
The gaining of those ends—shall we not wrong
The bounty of the Gods, who mean us good?
Therefore, I pray thee, seize the high occasion,
That offers for the weal of all our house,
And lose it not as idlers do, in reasonings.

C. Madam, I'll go prepare me for the chace,
Wherein

Wherein just pride and honor be my guides,
As they have been in all.—— [*Exit Col.*

Q. My blessing with thee, ever loveliest mine!—
This old and miserly King, my husband,
Must in this new design of his be thwarted—
The Gods forbid, Camillus shou'd wed Silvia!
When he succeeds in the throne, 'tis very certain
Lucullus will guide all——a tyrant's rule.
[*Exit Queen.*

SCENE V.—*A royal Apartment.*

Enter LUCULLUS *and* SILVIA.

S. Columna is the daughter of the Queen;
But, what of that?—Do not we in our line
Count Kings, and Princes, and Chiefs militant
Whose fame and glory fill the mouths of all?
What was Amphipola ere Queen of Tunis?
The daughter of the doting King's Physician—
And had no other title to the favour
Of the young heir who married her,
Than the attraction of some red and white,
Which caught his young and unexperienc'd eye.

L. The King's voice is for you—and high for you;
But yet, Camillus——

S. What of Camillus?—Oh, father! in that word
My love foresees a frost—e'en as the spring

That

That spreads forth all the gaudy flow'rs of earth,
And when they are just setting comes the '*but*'
Keen as the northern gale, and cuts them off.
Ev'n so am I—and all my blossomings,
Which tender hope hath gender'd and made gay,
Are check'd and nipp'd by that cold blasting word:
What of Camillus?

L. He is a Prince
Of deep reflection for his time of life.——

S. Let him reflect how truly I have lov'd him;
And if reflection can bring justice with it,
He will not hurl me from him.—We have been
In infancy brought up as play-fellows;
We have together sported like twin lambs;
In all our childhood exercises pair'd
As we had been of one sole parent born.
But now he is the truant to the love
We then did vow.---Oh! had his mother liv'd,
The court had then not seen this foreign Queen;
Nor my young play-mate had his pretty eyes
Thus fascinated by the African,
To my so infinite loss.——

L. Till he be married say not he is lost;
For be assur'd, the King holds you at heart,
And doth command his son's obedience,
In taking you to wife: therefore dismiss
The anguish from your heart, and let your eyes

No

No more be flush'd with tears—nor ought conceive
Against Columna; for in that, my love,
You'll harm your favourable note withal.
For as she doth dispute the palm with you,
The general eye looks not as we may look.
They value not what is of most account
How great's her store, and how she's familied.
They judge alone from sight; and beauty shines
With double lustre when good nature sits
Within the dimple of a smiling cheek.
Now, as in feature you well vie with her,
Look that you want not in that gloss of charms,
Whene'er you do present yourself to view.
You know, this day, we observe our antient feast,
To be preceded by a royal chace;
And as I hear the ladies of the court
Will grace the Sylvan sport---do you, dear love,
Be present too, and let it be your care
To keep yourself still in the Prince's eye,
That in the visitings of nature, he
May warm his fancy in your beauty's beam;
For presence of the lovely object works
Most forcibly, when the young mind's relax'd.
This may, I ween, with favouring of the gods
Subdue him quite unto his father's will,
'Gainst which already he stands much at task,
Thus far to have oppos'd---and in the even,

By

By charge of his father, is he to resolve,
An he'll conform to him, or spoil his drift,
Which if he dares to do, he'll pull on's head
A mountain of repentance; but I well trust
When he shall weigh his father's love and thee,
Against Columna and his father's hate,
All will be to the fashion of our wish.

S. I'll do as you suggest; and if his heart
Be not well steel'd against all female charms,
My ways to win him shall have sure success.

L. See---who comes this way?

S. It is Leander, nephew to the King;
He is a fop I do not love to meet.

L. But he has long profess'd him your adorer,
And wooes thee still, altho' thou slightest him.

S. The vain fool knows not what love is, nor feels
The least of what he greatest gives to breath.
There's scarce a lady in the court, but he
In vanity seems to woo, and by long use,
What first was sport, is now habitual grown:
That to no female can he address himself,
But with the speeches of an earnest suitor.
Yea I've seen him in the self same hour,
Woo mothers, daughters, widows, wives, and maids,
That some, not knowing that he hath no meaning,
Have thrown their simple hearts away on him.

Enter

Enter LEANDER.

Lr. Save you, bright wonder of the universe!
My Lord Lucullus, I kiss your noble hands.

L. Good time o'morning to your Lordship.

Lr. I think 'tis cool since sun rise.

S. Not cool, my lord, it seems inclin'd to heat.

Lr. The sun, most precious of the angel race,
Beats fervidly; but your far brighter eyes
Set in an icy sphere, with their cold rays,
Temper hot Phœbus in his full career.

S. Leander hath been school'd with courtesy;
But doth affront his high philosophy,
By plundering god and goddess, heav'n and earth,
To enrich his speech to woman.

L. Then woman stands his debtor.

Lr. Fair Queen, and sole disposer of my life,
As woman smiles or frowns, so are our motions,
Or cold—or warm—illustrious, or eclips'd.
What pleasing tides run in hope's joyful hour!
I worship here love's high divinity—
An heaven of female charms—
Idolater——

S. O, my good Lord, I pray a truce of words;
Most humbly do I take my leave. *Exit Sil.*

L. Few women can conceive you.

Lr. I warrant you, my Lord, they are apt enough, and the most of them know that I am a devout

devout adorer of the sex. I thank my stars, I have, I think, as true a judgment of the worth, value, and estimation of that dear creature, woman, as any soul male in the universe. Let the vulgar, whom I detest, throw what scandal they can on the sex, I will maintain it with the point of my sword, and the extreme hazard of my person, that no good, noble, valiant, generous, commendable, or wonder-working action has ever been done, or imagin'd by man, but that precious, dear, enchanting creature, woman, was the secret spring and incitement thereto. O, my Lord, they are the movers as well as the polishers of the world. We should have been all savages, rough, and brutish, had woman never come among us. But by the coalition of qualities, or rather the death of those of the crab stock, man, we see this earth the paradise it is. Woman, therefore, shall be my recognisance, for that is my catechism.

L. If you would believe some people, woman is the foundation of all evil and immoralities. And the fiend makes use of them for mischief as an adder doth of a bed of violets to dart from.

Lr. Wicked wit is forgetive, and very ingenious in throwing its load of faults on the shoulders of others. It is, however, a position veritable and lamentable, that man's superabundant fondness for

for the dear imp of loveliness, hath been the source, generation, and production of disorders, ills and inconveniences: but for him to cast his charge of vice on woman, is as if I were to execrate the good soul of my father, for permitting me the use of his riches, which lead me into dirty and detestable circumstances.

L. How! your father?

Lr. I cry your mercy. No—my Lord—I only make the supposition, for the illustration of my position; the Gods forefend, I should be the thing of my example. Your lordship with most exact prudence might for ever eject my court to the most incomparable paragon, your daughter. No, my Lord, I am not the recreant, that my enemies have given me forth.

L. Nay, Leander, hath not your father himself, more than once, in public, been outrageous against your deportment?

Lr. Hā! ha!—a fond old man to believe the posterior trumpet of fame.

L. Well, I shall rejoice to find report terminate in falsehood.—Fare thee well, I see you are for the chace.

Lr. Ay, my good Lord, where should Leander be, but where the ladies are.

L. I wish you sport.——

Lr. There's no doubt of that—[*Exit Lucullus.*

What

What, is my father's foolish raging construed against me?—He, the brother of a King!—Why he hath not a drop of blood-royal in all his veins. —To be royal is to be all fire and flame, as I am. My grandmother play'd false with a miser when she had him, as I verily conceive some King coin'd me; for quick blood is stamp royal.—— Well—I'll away to the chace—where are those two scoundrels, Don Pedro and Sebastian! Such villains are of importance in the game I have in hand. She treated me with such irreversible disdain, that vengeance blows my stomach up to the moon. She hates me, yet I love her, and she shall be my prey by force—ay, by force.— What, ho!—Sebastian—Pedro.——Brave lads— welcome.——What new-teemings now upon the wings of fame?

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* PEDRO.

Seb. My Lord, 'tis time we get to horse; the Prince is in the field ere this.—The King and all the court are almost ready.

Lr. Brave lads—you know the signal, when I give the triple whistle, on with your cloaks and vizards—seize Columna—disguise her in a wrapping mantle, and away with her speedily to the appointed place.

P. Fear us not, my Lord, we'll do all you can wish;

wish; but you'll manage so that there be no great opposition from her folks.

Lr. No rescue, I warrant you—I'll manage so as to prevent any disturbance to our designs.—— Go get our horses. [*Exit Seb. and Pedro.*

I'll marry Silvia for her wealth—but beauty
So unaffected, radiant and divine,
As is Columna's, sets my soul on fire.
But then she treats me with such huge disdain,
Whene'er I do approach her, that it stings me
E'en to the marrow—to be despis'd by woman,
Is the worse contumely—not to be borne—
So, now I will revenge to the utmost—let the Prince
Whose love, I know, is towards her—let him storm——
Yea, let her mother rage—a hurricane,
I'll bear her off beyond sea, if need be.
Yet all shall seem the action of some ruffians.
And when I've sated on this heav'nly feast
I will return in view, as from pursuit
Made for the villains—and by this, my court
To Silvia will be better grac'd.—For her
I have outrun the utmost of my means;
But in the end her gold shall all redeem. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Woods.*

Enter TITANIA *and her Train.*

T. Gentle Cynthilla, your task is well perform'd,
We soon shall meet the issue.
C. I saw the Princess ere this little hour,
With all her train of young and lovely virgins,
Ready to chear this wood with hound and horn,
Herself i'the midst so charmingly array'd,
Doth seem, indeed, what I suggested her,
The fresh and chaste-ey'd Queen:—certain this place
Did never see so bright and beauteous rout,
As will be here this morn.
T. But who knows ought of Oberon?
Film, that was thine to watch his steps,
Now wottest thou his course?
F. Yes, sovereign Lady, he has been tampering
To turn the spirit of the gentle Prince
Unto the Lady Silvia—but if I can judge
By his countenance, all goes not to his wish.
The Lady Silvia, by his amorous suggest,
Is all on fire for him; her father too,
Hath with the King, made golden covenants,

T. There

And claims his high authority to bend
The Prince's mind unto his end in view.
T. There is no fear of change in my Camillus;
For on his soul's soul, I have so imprinted
The lovely form of my most precious charge,
That nought can scathe the mintage.—
Where left'st thou Oberon?
F. In a close coppice, with three youthful nobles—
Nobles they seem, but in their natures villains.
'Twas Oberon thither led—I do suspect
He means some foul work; for he is in chafe:
I heard some words fall from the trembling lip
That seem'd to move indignant with revenge
'Gainst fair Columna—what he means I guess not—
But I do think a double guard should watch
Whilst in these wilds she ranges.
Tit. Ha! Oberon do this! No, gentle fairy—no:
That high and lofty spirit of my Lord,
Howe'er our wishes clash in the things in hand
Bears no obruting thunder 'gainst the maid
Titania loves.—Who are those villains?
F. Leander, nephew to the King, is chief;
The others are his adjutors in ill;
And some curs'd mischief they conceive, and look
To bring it to effect in this morn's hunt.

T. In that they all shall err—Hark! hark!—the horn,
I hear the train a-coming---give my charming rod.

SINGS.

" Vapours from the fenny ground---
" Sunbeams of impervious hue---
" Rainbows bright and meteors gay,
" Arise---arise---arise.—"

Hie thee, Cynthilla, to the depths of the wood;
Here—take this charming wand, and when thou'rt there
Wave it thrice o'er thy head, and sing withal
The spell which I taught thee—anon thou shalt behold
A palace of bright beams shoot from the earth,
On golden pillars resting; all around
Thick clouds shall shield it up from every eye.
Of mortal or immortal.— [*Exit Cyn.*
Now for our measure—beat tabourines—
Sound flutes o'the air. [*Aërial music.*

(A short dance.—Fairies vanish.)

Enter COLUMNA, *habited like* DIANA, *and her Ladies like Wood Nymphs—with Attendants.*

C. Who hath beheld the Prince to day?

Lady. Madam, he is advanc'd into the wood—
But, see—he doth return.

Enter

Enter CAMILLUS.

Cam. Cynthia, indeed!—How nobly dost thou wear
Her Sylvan weeds—Delicate Columna—
The Goddess herself cou'd not have done more grace
Unto our hunt than thou dost and this train.
Now, by the Gods, you shall not say me nay,
I'll be thy verdurer to attend thy side,
Most blest, but to behold thee.

Co. O, Camillus!
Your fresh and active youth can never yield
To such low waiting, tho' I were indeed
The Queen o' the woods.——Up—up—my noble Prince—
To the hill's woody brow pursue the chace;
Follow the nimble hounds where'er they ring;
And when to the vale thou shalt direct thine eye,
And there behold me, and this virgin train,
Hard lab'ring, thro' disuse, and much perplex'd
In the entangled ways, thou then may'st say—
See—how yon company by false assumings
Disgrace the habit of young Cynthia's rout.
Indeed if thou sho'dst then be-pity us,
The bounty of your nature will be grac'd
By sending us some help.

Cam. Have I not seen thee on thy milk white steed,
Course thro' the valleys, and anon most boldly
Ascend the steepy hills, whilst they that follow'd
Spurr'd hard to keep a little view of thee;
How say'st thou now, thou shalt disgrace the robes
Of Dian, when by this, thy noble doing,
Thou hast excell'd.—I will be present with thee
Where'er thou goest—So let us move along,
The King and his Nobles we shall meet in the plain;
I heard his horn as I came down the hill,
Bending that way.

Col. Camillus, I must chide thee—quick from hence,
Thy duty shou'd have prompted thee to grace
Thy father's side, attendant at his need,
He hath not now that vigour once his boast—
Away then—hence—why shou'dst thou waste the time?
When duty sets thee a much fairer task,
Than thus to talk with one not worth thy care.

Leona. My Lord, the Lady Silvia, and her father,
Are with the King, they lack your gentle presence.

Cam. Oh, may they ever lack it!—Here is the altar

Whereon

Whereon my heart, the truest heav'n e'er minted,
Lies as an offering to the gods of love.

Col. Nay, now I have full cause to chide thee hence,
That mak'st thy breach of duty to the King,
As it were, a snare to me.—No, no, my Prince,
I am too wary—I have ears, besides,
And fair reports have lately enter'd there,
Then do not seek to make me think them vapours,
That come so warranted.—It is my wish
That you be happy—whate'er becomes of me.

Cam. Most precious!—Oh, that sigh doth rend my heart:
Believe me, dear, whate'er reports are flown
I here disclaim all knowledge of——know them false—
If they respect but thee:—This morn the King
Hath sought to turn my heart on Silvia:
'Tis true, her beauty and her wealth may have
Some little charms to win the common eye;
But tho' her wealth were copious as the stores
The deep sea, or undelved earth enwombs—
Her beauty richer than the tints of morn,
Never shall my affections change from thee—
Thee, dear Columna, in whom my soul reposes,
As gentle spirits in Elysium.

Col. Oh, Camillus—how prompt at vows is every youthful tongue:
Now, gentle Prince, there is not one of your sex,

That doth not on the like occasion,
Talk the same talk, swear the same oaths, and use
Such gentle accents you now use to me;
And if I were a maid so much unpractis'd
As trust them true, I wou'd believe there's none
That hath, how poor soe'er a check of grain,
But wou'd be lost by simple creditings.
Nay, nay, dear Prince, I pray thee stop thy words;
I know right well what thou'rt about to say;
But when in private thought thou shalt oppose
The Lady Silvia's beauty and her wealth,
Indeed, in value, half our Sicily, half our Isle,
Against what poor affections I shall bring thee,
Prudence must needs direct your choice of her,
Who hath besides the King's high commendations.

Cam. Oh, fair Columna—dearest love, believe me,
I am not us'd to word the thing I mean not;
No, on my honour, which I prize beyond
The gem of life, and its commodities;
I'll have no wife but thee—thee, dearest love,
In whom I put all hopes of happy being.
Say thou acceptest my love, and I am mail'd
Against the worst shaft now in fortune's quiver—
Say but the word.

Col.

Col. Ah, Camillus—few are the years gone by,
You were but a little one in your green coat,
And I a girl sent down for nurture hither—
You then did woo me—then your play-fellow—
And you did do the same to Lady Silvia,
Your elder play-mate; but I well remember,
How deep you blush'd when you did press my hand,
Calling the Gods, in more than sport, to witness,
That you lov'd me o' the first—you may recal
What then, in very innocence, I said,
Such now---in simple truth I ratify.

Cam. Then may the rising hours smile full upon us,
My queen---my life---my all---for ever mine---
Still do thy words vibrate in my ear---
Live in my heart enrolled there for ever---
Yes---yes---the words of bliss, of joy, of comfort,
Sweeter than ever flow'd from virgin tongue,
Or ever fell on lover's ear---soft harmony
To the spirit of holy love---for such is mine:
Yes, fair Columna, all's recorded here,
I'the sanctuary of the Gods, my honest heart.
" Columna changes when her Prince shall change."
That---that shall never be---yon genial star
Life of the world—in splendour like a God,

Shall from his course diverge—as from his vow
Camillus swerve.—Here in the face of Heav'n
Iterate Love's oaths.—This auditory
Be witness—yea all that hear—that see.
Ye too, Invisibles that throng this air,
This ambient element—Spirits that live,
Our guards—our guides i'the path, around the bed——
Etern—inviolate be our faith to thee.——
Attend. Amen, say I—and all. My Lord—look—look—look—the King—
I heard his bugle sound o'er yonder thicket.
1*st Lady.* My Prince, it is the King's company,
See—where they come, as if in search of thee.
Cam. In truth he may be, as it were a storm;
But I am now in heart a very rock
'Gainst the imperious surge.

Enter KING, LUCULLUS, SILVIA, *and* LADIES, LEANDER, SEBASTIAN, PEDRO, *&c. &c.*

L. See there, my Liege, our fear is too well grounded,
There is the game, my Lord, the Prince pursues.
K. Heaven's blessing on our son—
How now, Camillus, seldom 'tis we hunt—
Yet ne'er lack'd we thy duteous company—
Much is thy loss. I trow—the Lady Silvia

Foremost

Foremost in charms, is foremost in our train;
Nor fears the ray of beauty-marring Phœbus---
If fair Columna rivals Dian, sure
Silvia may rank with the more beauteous Venus.
Our woods of Sicily have never seen
So fair and gay a rout of blooming nymphs,
As hound and horn have this day drawn together,
For you, dear daughter, we have in eye, (*To Col.*)
To match thee with our high and noble nephew,
This the young Lord Leander: our Camillus
Must be full blest in Silvia's loveliness.—
In a short week our court must ring with joy;
For high shall be our mirth---e'en now the preparation
The stewards have on hand.---What say'st Leander---
Speak to the Lady.

Lr. Our Sicily is more than grac'd---'tis blest:
No mortal maid art thou---but Dian's self
Come down to honour us.

Col. Goddess, am I? then am I not for thee---
I wish, methinks, just now for Dian's power.

Lr. To change me to a beast?

Sil. Columna hath a proud contemptuous soul,
That can disdain the noble Lord Leander---
'Tis plain her high aim is to work me harm---
I know her well from youth, her bent is now
To cross what fortunes seem to smile on me.

Cam. Oh, say not so, fair Silvia—her pure soul
Hath never yet conceiv'd a thought of harm
To thee or any one:—and least of all
Shouldst thou scoul on her:——can you e'er forget
How sick you were a little year agone—
Did not her tenderness recover you?
Oh, how you do her wrong, and yourself wrong,
Not to let gratitude grow in your heart.
Indeed, she then did save your precious life,
And by her kindness nurs'd you up again
To that fresh beauty now upon your cheek.

Col. My Lord, what little help I gave my friend
Was indeed no more than I am sure to me
She would have minister'd had I been sick;
Therefore, my deed bears nought of merit in it.
She long hath been my play mate, like twin sisters,
We once had but one heart, one inclination.
Best pleas'd when in each other's company:
Indeed our minds received the bent alike.
Yet, for kind pity's sake, I well cou'd wish
Our fancies now had taken different routes—
She then had not been jealous of her love,
Nor this most unkind speech been breath'd from her.

S. Have I not reason now to be displeas'd?
Unkind art thou, Columna, and most jealous.

Thou

Thou know'st full well, and all our land well knows
The mind o' the King respecting of the Prince.
But thou hast ever practis'd secret arts;
As charms to fascinate his gentle eye.
In this thou needs must win the King's dear love,
So to oppose his royal inclination.
Thy country's haughtiness swells in thy heart—
Th' ambitious African glares in thine eye;
And 'tis well known what is thy aim in all.
Why art thou habited this day like Dian?—
To hunt the Deer?—No, no—the Prince's heart,
Thou mean'st to entoil by this gay speciousness;
Forgetful of the love, thou say'st, thou bor'st
To me, thy play-mate, in youth's innocence.
Thou talkest much of love and tenderness,
What is it, in good sooth, by this the proof—
But breath?—thy deeds being real injuries.

Cam. Lady Silvia—peace,——What dost thou mean?
Her gentle spirit brooks not such fierce words
From any one, and least from thee.——Peace—peace—
I would not for a Monarch's valued ransom,
That she be mov'd to shed one precious tear—
Therefore, ha' done—or I shall quick forget
In whose high presence we now are.

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Lr. My Lord Camillus, heard you your father's word?
This lady is for me.——
Cam. For thee—vain sot!
No, no, no—she's not for thee—tho' thou did'st merit her.
But the high stars will singe the hollow'd vale
Ere thou dost that.
Lr. Do me no scorn, my Lord—
I have the feeling of a man.
Cam. Do not shew me thy teeth, thou snarl——
Get thee away, lewd Fop.
Lr. I'll not bear this.—Wrath abrogates respect:——
Prince, on my level——
Cam. There.—— (*Throws off his collar.*)
(*Drawing his sword.—Attendants prevent them.*)
I am not us'd to be put in an heat;
But vex'd to be by such a-thing as thou art.—
Get thee out of my sight, lest I be mov'd
To do thee greatest injury.
Lr. Gods! Gods!
Cam. Away—nor fright the tender sense of my fair—
Hence!—on thy life, I say—proud fop.——
How does my fair?—Nay, be cheerful, dear.

K. Hold

K. Hold—Leander—let him cool—anon
He'll clear up all—Let us away to the chace.—
(To Camillus.)
'And when 'tis o'er, I look, my princely Boy,
'To see thee all accordant to our will.
'Thou know'st what high things I have in dispose;
'And my expectance is—you merit all.'—
Go! bid the huntsmen rouse the game.

C. I would not for a score of crowns, my Liege,
Be a delinquent in my filial love,
And if all goes not to the tune of reason,
The fault shall not be mine.

K. So let it rest—away to the sport.—
[*Horns——and Exeunt.*

Manent LEANDER, SEBASTIAN, *and* PEDRO.

S. My Lord, you have been grossly abus'd: had it been my case he should not have gone away without chastisement, though he be the Prince.

P. His actions and his words being so unprincely, entitle him to the correction of——I cannot say.—

Lr. Ah, that a subject he——my equal.—

P. My Lord, you must not put up with this—lest

lest your forbearance be called cowardice, by all who know, and set you up for valour.

S. Indeed, my Lord, you cannot be so tame as to bear this in peace.—Let me advise you to dog him—occasion will soon offer of lonely place, where you may wipe away this stain upon your honour.

P. In truth, I do not see how you can with any honourable shew avoid meeting him.

Lr. 'Tis death to challenge him.

Enter a FAIRY—*invisible.*

S. Look you, good my Lord—here's how you stand—
Your honour hath been soil'd by the affront;
If you pass on with such a blot, 'tis certain
You are in sense of honour dead—and d——d;
Kill'd by the infamy. Therefore, my Lord,
As now you needs must die, chuse the best way,
And go to Hell, Sir, rather by his hand,
Than be sent thither by the common fame.

Lr. Thou art a sageful counsellor i'faith—
And so art thou.—Hark-ye—I'll take revenge
Another way.—Let our first plan go on——
We'll seize the Princess, as we had devis'd:
Convey her to the place we had propos'd,
And there accomplish all.—You see, my lads,

By

By that means my revenge is doubly taken;
For black affronts, from both, I have received.—
Hence, fly we quickly to the eastern coppice;
Our game must come that way.—Give me my vizard—
The triple whistle remember.—

S. & P. Ay, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Fai. Go, villains three, you cannot hurt an hair of our Queen's favourite.—The Queen approaches.

Enter TITANIA *and her Train.*

Fai. In the west valley by the murm'ring rill,
Defended by an old and vasty wood,
As you commanded have I rais'd the palace.

Tit. 'Tis well.—How now, Fairy—
What dost thou here?—Thou shou'dst beset Leander.
And watch him closely.

F. That business I have done.—He still persists
In his first design—her course to intercept;
And with his vile companions bear her off:
This instant are they parted from this spot.

Tit. Oh, what three fiends are they in human shape!
But what they shall effect shall be their shame—
No harm to her.—Go—quickly follow them;

The

The virgin rout will swiftly pass that way.
See, then, thou dost assume Columna's shape,
And separate thee from the rest:—the crew
With speed will follow thee.—Be sure thou lead them
Thro' treacherous ways, deep bogs, and muddy swamps.

F. Mistress—I'll punish them, even to roaring.
[*Exit Fairy.*

T. The King, it seems, by Oberon's inclining,
Hath firmly built in mind a resolution,
That force, if need, shall join Columna's hand
With this most wicked man, his brother's son;
By which he thinks no path in nature left,
But young Camillus must wed Silvia.
Which if he not consents to, he vows in his wrath,
To turn the current of succession.
Now to prevent the fair one's sacrifice—
Look you—when she and her bright train draw nigh—
Be ready all to encircle her alone:——
That done, in a bright cloud I'll shroud her up
So close, that Oberon shall not espy her;
And gently bear her to my beam-built palace—
And there with music, dance, and revelry,
Confine her for a while, in sweet Elysium,
Till means shall grow, that Oberon's proud heart
Be bent to approve Camillus for her love.
When he consents—all other wills then change;

And

And point with fervor to our end in view.
Come—fly we nimbly to our post of watch,
And each one turn her soul to such delights,
As may with pleasure fill the Princess' heart,
And lap her up to sweet and soft content.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FAIRY, *habited like Columna.*

Fai. I fly before them like the skimming gale;
Here will I take my stand.— (*Horns.*)
(*Columna and her Train passing over the Scene.*)

Enter LEANDER, SEBASTIAN, *and* PEDRO.

Lr. Follow, my lads—there they go—she cannot escape—attack them like robbers—no rescue is near.—Come on—come on.——
(*Leander perceives the flying Fairy, and whistles.*)
Follow—follow—follow.—The Princess is parted. She is alarm'd at us and flies away—Pursue.—
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*In the Valley.*

(*The Fairy is seen sprinkling the Shrubs and Flowers.*) [*And Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.—*Near the Little Valley.*

Enter TITANIA *and her Train.*

T. Hark! how the horns make ring the echoes round.
Close—close—this way the Princess comes.

Enter COLUMNA *and her Train.*

C. In troth, I'm weary.—Come, we'll rest awhile
Upon this bank of violets—I'll sit down.
I prithee, sweethearts, range about the vale,
I thought I heard Camillus' voice that way—
If you there meet him—'twould be for my ease
To lead him hither. Leona, stay you by me.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
For Heaven's dear love—what pretty forms are these?
How sweet they smile upon us—See they encircle us.
O, these are the Fairies, I so oft have heard
Our old folks talk of by a winter's fire.
Will they not hurt us, dear Leona?
Leo. No—Lady—they'll not hurt us;
For they are friendly to all virgin kind.
Nay—see—they all are creatures most divine—
I do

I do not wish for better company.
List, what delicious melody I hear.

(Soft Music.)

TITANIA'S SONG.

'Whilst you here in peace repose,
'For your ruin foes prepare;
'But the Fairies ward your woes—
'They surround you in their care.
'Think no harm if gentle force,
'Lead you to the enchanted vale;
'You shall thank our friendly course,
'When you hear the horrid tale.
'Gently, Fairies, gently bear
'Thro' the soft enamour'd air!'

D. C.

Col. Oh — harm us not—for tender mercy's sake!
I know no force whate'er can stop your will.
O, hurt us not—we'll not resist indeed.—
Tit. Fear nought, most fair Columna—
We are your friends—the best you have in being.
Col. How!—my name! and among friends?
Then I'm resign'd.—Lead where you list.—

(As they go off Columna's scarf falls.)

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Woods.*

Enter FAIRY—*like* COLUMNA.

F. My task is done—I'll punish them no more,
Tho' more they merit.——All three are well drench'd
In mud and dripping sedge.—Here will I leave them,
And go inform the Queen. [*Exit.*

Enter LEANDER, SEBASTIAN, *and* PEDRO *wet.*

Seb. Why, this is the Devil, and no Princess.—

Ped. Why, so I think.—Had she been indeed what we thought she were, she never could have skimm'd upon the water like a dotterill.——What a cursed pickle we are in.——

Lr. What a plague had we to do to follow her into the pool.

Ped. Your Lordship swore you would follow her thro' water or fire.—If I had known it had been so deep, you should have gone by yourselves. In troth, we have been all cajoll'd.—It was the Devil, and not Columna.—Z—ds—what a plunge o'er head and——

Lr. Nay—I'll swear it was the Princess.—
Have ye never read,
That

That fearful flying virgins are endued
Sometime with lightness like the airy down?
Seb. Then let us still pursue.——
Ped. Pursue!—Why we are all bemudded,
And water-heavy, like swell'd spunges.—Not I, troth—
Not a step further will I.——
Lr. Ha!—see the King!—I pray ye all,
Say that a wolverin (1) pursu'd the Princess,
And that in giving chace came this mischance—
I would not for my life the truth be told.

Enter KING, CAMILLUS, SILVIA, LUCULLUS, *&c.*

C. Are there no tidings which way the Princess went;
Send out some horsemen quickly in the woods.
See who are these? Perhaps, they have some news,
K. Leander!—Now in the name of wonder,
What accident hath thus attired thee?
Lr. To tell the occasion, my most honour'd Liege,
I know must needs appal a noble heart.
C. What is it, Leander?—Say quickly.——
Lr. My Lord, you did me an affront just now—
Perhaps you may esteem it a revenge,
If that I tell thee of some harm befallen.——

(1) Wolverin, or Dog of the Woods.

C. Befallen!

C. Befallen! Who? Speak, Leander—Who?

Lr. Columna.

C. Columna! — the Gods forbid!——What!—What!—Speak?

Lr. These gentlemen may witness what I say,
They both, as you may plainly see, partook
Of the accident befallen me.——We three, my Lord,
About a little league wide of this place,
Tir'd with the hunting, in a shady nook
Had sate ourselves to rest a little while.
There we had not been long, when in the wood
We heard a female voice scream out for help!
We started up, and looking round—beheld
The Princess flying from a Wolverin;
Instant we seiz'd our weapons and gave chace.
Like very lightning did the Princess fly;
And in the covert of a coppice wood,
Was soon lost from our sight—in eager haste
Did we give chace, and heedless of a marsh
'Twixt us and them, we rush'd into the soil;
And nearly 'scap'd we smothering.—

Seb. & Ped. Ay!—very narrowly indeed.

K. Saw you the Princess after that?

Lr. No; my good Liege.

C. O, heavenly Gods!—Send—instant send—
I am the cause of this!—Why did I leave her!
Lend me your hand—lead me to find her out.

Oh,

Oh, fairest!—Lead me to search. Perhaps ere now,——
Save—save, great Gods——

[*Exit Cam. attended.*

K. Take we all different routes. [*Exeunt.*

Manent LUCULLUS *and* SILVIA.

S. I would not wish the Princess any harm;
Blest should I be if I could give her help.
But, Oh, my father, love's not charitable—
A rival in the case, and life's sole happiness
Upon the scale—who is there can bend heart—
To wish its weal another's?

L. Nay, but you must be charitable.
Ay, and when thou shalt know what is resolv'd,
Thou wilt from spirit wish the Princess well.
List now, my child, I will a secret tell thee;
For thy heart's comfort, and to thee alone,
None know it save the King— from whom it springs.
With fixedness most irreversible,
Sets he his face to have thee for his daughter;
Yea he hath giv'n it me upon his oath,
That if Camillus doth refuse thy hand,
He cuts him on the instant from the crown;
And in his right and place elects Leander;
Who even now, as he was heard to swear,
Weighs thee for charms more highly than Columna.

Thou

Thou seest by this, thou needst must be a Queen.
Then let the Prince, if he's so true a lover,
Follow affections, (which, indeed, now stand
In doubtful being, from this accident).—
Let him, my fair, do sacrifice to fancy;
Your wisdom leads you to a better choice.

S. But hath the King, indeed, so fix'd?

L. Ay;—— by a solemn oath resolves for thee,
If thou canst love Leander.

S. Leander! why Leander hath good sense,
If he but clear it of some petty follies.

L. Time will do that—indeed he is well natur'd.
What vice he hath, springs from the heat of youth,
Which some few years will ripen into virtues.

S. I think he is well natur'd, and hath gifts
To win a maiden's heart.

L. He needs must make thee happy;
Then set no more affection on the Prince,
No golden circlet there——

S. Ah, but I would the Princess were in safety,
Tho' candidate for his most generous soul,
I needs must love her well, and I am griev'd
For what in passion broke from me this morn,
She call'd it most unkind, and so it was.

And

And if she should be dead, the thought hereof
Will be a wound eternal on my peace.
L. Come—lay it not to heart,
She may be well.—Do as I tell thee.
S. I am resign'd; direct me as thou wilt.

Enter KING, SYLVIA, *Train*, *Attendants*, *&c.*

1*st Lady.* She bade us range along the little valley
To find the Prince, whose voice she thought she heard:
Leona staid with her:—we saw no wolf;
Nor heard a cry; yet when we did return,
As we did shortly, they were gone—both gone.
K. Leander says, she fled towards the pool;
You say you left her near the little valley,
And that is very distant from the pool.
Lady. Indeed, my Lord, we left them near the valley.
K. This is most strange, in troth—two disappear'd
And not a trace in nature to be found!
How did you leave the Prince?
Atts. So weaken'd by the sudden coming grief,
That thrice he fainted as he search'd the woods;
They have borne him to his chamber, by advice
Of his Physicians.
K. Publish rewards for tidings——

Send out, and leave unsearch'd no nook o' the isle.
We'll visit now our son.—Silvia and Lucullus,
Be present with us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*The Garden of the Palace.*

Enter OBERON *and his Train.*

Ob. Nay, Robin, this is strange, the Princess lost!—yet where is Titania?
Sure they are hid by spell all magical.
R. I saw her in the valley gathering daisies,
King cups, daffodills, and May flowers;
With which her elvies made such rural crowns,
As shepherds do their loves at cuckow singing,
When the warm blood mounts in their youthful cheeks.
I saw not that the Princess were with her
Ob. Well, well, it matters not unto our purpose;
For I have work'd my work where I did list.
The King's mind is full bent for Silvia;
Yea, I've prompted him to put on oath,
That he who takes that Virgin, gains the crown.
A pow'rful motive for the youthful heir,
To wean himself of an abortive love.
And look you, lest he should resist my motion,
I've

I've put Leander next to the election,
Whom he will never suffer reign o'er him;
Since I'm sure he holds him in contempt.
This even 'tis, he must give termination,
Which way shall be his choice.—I'll to the palace—
There will I enter into every breast,
Each to incline unto our end in view.
Hark, Atomy—you and Minim go
Search if Titania be yet in the isle;
And if ye find her, bring me notice quickly
What work she hath in hand.

SONG.

'If Titania's yet unkind,
'And chains up the Prince's mind;
'Thwarting all the merriment,
'Which we have in deep intent.
'What I hate must be my course;
'I must use my fairy force:
'Swathe her in a magic band—
'Then transport to Fairy Land.
'Our rival's senses then we steep,
'If need—an hundred years in sleep.
'Camillus vanquishing despair,
'Find youthful Silvia all as fair.—
'No enmity shall further move—
'All shall settle into love.' [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.——*An Apartment.*

Enter QUEEN *and a* LADY.

Q. Bring they no tidings yet?

L. Horsemen and footmen are come breathless in,
But they can get no tidings.

Q. O, ruin!—ruin!—Poor soul, she's gone—
She's torn in pieces by the wolverin.
Where was the King?—Where was Camillus then?
He said he lov'd her; and I thought it true;
But had he lov'd her, he had never left her
Unguarded so.—Send other rangers forth,
Promise ten thousand crowns for the first news—
Alive or dead.—Dead! ah, if she be dead,
Where shall I look for comfort?

L. I cannot think that she be dead.

Q. How sayst thou?—Not!

L. Your highness should not give in to despair;
But rather fill your mind with chearful hope.

Q. O for heav'n's grace—how so?

L. E'en now I left the chamber of the Prince,
Who sick as he was to death begins revive,
From what he gathers from the company
That was with the Princess.

Q. What is it?—Say—

L. In presence of the King and of Camillus,
They each were separately brought and question'd:

And

And each tells the same story—truth for truth—
They say towards noon the Princess grew fatigued,
And chose to rest her on a shady bank,
Thick carpetted with blowing violets.
It was as you descend the little valley:
She bad Leona sit down by her side,
The rest she did command to range the vale,
Where, as she thought, she heard the Prince's voice.
They each in the valley took a separate way;
Where not encountering whom they hop'd to meet,
They made return towards their loving chief.
When most amaz'd, and frighten'd to the soul,
They found her not, nor could a track pick up
To say which way she disappear'd!

Q. Nay, but Leander and his gentlemen
Have sworn they saw her chaced by a wolverin,
Whom they pursued unto their own mischance.

L. True, they have sworn—but by their giving forth
'Twas near the pool, far distant from the valley.

Q. There is some hope.

L. Indeed, I'm apt to think there's much;
For the misfortune must be singular,
That both be lost.—I rather think, sweet souls,
They've stray'd into the wild and perplex'd woods,

So far as to exceed their scanty share
Of pilot's art to bring them out again.
Your highness knows our woods are intricate,
Ev'n to our foresters; to such as these,
They needs must be a tangled labyrinth,
Wherein they are fast embrac'd.

Q. I hope 'tis so—I hope 'twill be no worse.
Send all away, and with loud blowing horns
Search every woody nook.

L. They were preparing to be gone again:
Such are the general orders given.

Q. Said the King ought of Silvia to the Prince?

L. O, yes; he doth beset him much of her;
Anon he sooths, persuades, and reasons him.
Puts him in mind how great's his filial bond;
Talks much of his supreme authority,
As father, and as King; and in the end,
The Prince's mind being griev'd, but nothing mov'd,
He threatens him with disinheritance.

Q. Indeed!—What answer gave the Prince?

L. The modestest and fullest sure of duty,
'Tis possible for pious son to give.
He told the King, that he had plighted troth;
That all his soul was bound up in Columna.
And, good my father, quoth he, were I now
To break my vow, and join where I've no love,
I should

I should walk on earth's face the thing most wretched:
E'en you and all good men must needs despise me.
No—if Columna lives I'll wed no other;
And let Leander marry Silvia.
Let the succession to the throne be their's.
So small's a crown when put against an oath,
That if I can be king no other way,
But by the violating my best thoughts,
I wish not to be King.

Q. O, 'tis a noble youth!—What said his Highness?

L. He seem'd a thing distract by contraries.
His wish contended with the Prince's reasons,
Which should be strongest; and in long conclusion
Deeming your daughter to be lost indeed,
He puts it on the issue of short time,
That if she lives not, then he should wed Silvia.

Q. Which the great Gods forefend!—
Go, see the foresters be all gone forth.
What gold they will shall be their recompence,
Who bring good notices. [*Exit Lady.*
O, gracious heav'ns, grant that she be in safety!—
Surely some star malign shone on her birth:
In prime of infancy driv'n from her home,
By cursed treason, which devour'd her father:

Nurs'd in a foreign court—lov'd by the Prince,
But persecuted for that love.—In end a prey
Of savage beasts——or if she lives, her love
Abortive made by a despotic King.—
Now, what bring you?

Enter a LADY.

L. Madam, the Prince requests a word with you.

Q. I'll come.—Heav'n keep firm his mind,
And let the next reports be fortunate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An open Country.*

Enter LEANDER, *with* COLUMNA's *Scarf, and* SEBASTIAN.

Lr. A Forester, say you? Where found he it?

S. He says he found it near a furze brake in the little valley.

Lr. What the Devil was it we gave chace to? Hath he reported this to any one?

S. No, my Lord; and for his further silence, I've paid a golden crown.

Lr. 'Tis well—I am right glad. By Heavens I find
Our story of the Princess loses ground,
And we begin to be thro' all the palace,
Suspected of a forgery.—The Prince,

Whose

Whose death was look'd for at our first report,
Now 'gins revive with hope: This will I do:
I'll steep this scarf in blood, and shew it him.
The sight must kill him like the thunder stone.
Mean while go you, Sebastian, find the Forester,
And with a purse of golden ducats buy
His testimony; thereto let him add,
He saw the footing of a Wolverin,
Printed in blood along the wood.

S. My Lord, I'll do so, if you do command me;
But think, my Lord, perhaps, this certain seeming
May not produce your wish—the Prince's death;
Nay, when from thence he shall be so assur'd
Of his love's death, 'tis likely he'll be won
To think of Silvia.

Lr. Fear not.—I trust 'twill kill him;
That chance I needs must try; for as we stand,
We must do something of this sort to clear
The late crept in suspicion of our truth.
Therefore go thou and gain the Forester
Into this same assertion—after that
Send Pedro hither.—I wonder where he keeps.

S. I'll send him—but I have observ'd of late,
That he looks thoughtful.

Lr. O, 'tis the ducats that I've promis'd him,
Which my ability hath not yet paid.

But send him to me, I would speak with him,
[*Exit Seb.*
Anon at the Palace.—Come, thou fair weed,
Like some live ornaments which Princes wear,
Thou now must be a lie unto thy mistress:
Tho' dumb I'll teach thee syllables to kill,
Which if thou failst to do—steel—bright steel—
Poison, or other ready instrument,
Must clear my path to Royalty. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Royal Apartment.*

CAMILLUS *reposing.*

C. I'll sleep no more—I think I've dos'd an hour;
How tort'rous have been my broken dreams!—
Anon methought Columna was alive,
Then was I happy—but that pleasant scene
Was swiftly banish'd by the hunters crying,
A wolf—a wolf—I straight pursu'd the cry,
And soon I saw my love in bloody gore.
O, dreadful sight! It sunk me e'en to death——
Then comes my father, unpiteous of her fate,
And, raging like a storm, wills me to wed
The Lady Silvia—Wou'd I cou'd see the Queen,
I sent for her ere I laid down to dose—
I wonder she's not come——I'll ring. [*Rings.*

Enter

Enter a Page.

C. Sent you our duty to the Queen?

P. My Lord, her Grace attends your waking,
Being told you slept, she did forbid our moving.

C. Beseech her to come in.

Enter QUEEN.

C. I am glad to see your Highness.
Wou'd I cou'd call you mother! But as it seems,
The arbiters above forbid, and sooner
Must earth kiss heav'n ere so much bliss be ours.

Q. Nay, but I trust I yet shall call you son.

C. How!—How!—Is the dear creature found?
Is she in life?

Q. O, Camillus, my spirits cheer at the report
Her Ladies give the way she disappear'd.
They saw no Wolverin, nor heard that any
Were seen that way. Leona too, was with her.
Had they been set upon by salvages,
Their cries of woe must needs have far been heard;
But none such fill'd the air; therefore to me,
It seems full probable, she may have stray'd
So far into the thick and unknown woods,
As to have lost all power of coming back.

And this her blood!—her precious blood—
No no, say not this is her blood—some villain—
No no no,—she's dead—she's dead—too true—
Dead!—murder'd !----O, ill-starr'd wretch,
Columna !---O, Columna !

K. 'Twas pick'd up by a Forester in the Valley,
Who saw the footsteps of the Wolverin,
Printed along the wood in gory red :
But cheer, Camillus, cast rembrance out----
She's dead---and grief of no avail in wisdom.

C. Peace, royal Sir—such words, O, Sir, are daggers.

K. What's past redress 'tis wisdom to forget—
Think of the Lady Silvia, who now stands
Well worth your total thoughts.—Come—come—
These tears are unmanly, and unprincely.

C. Torture me not !—O, Sir, spare me now—
Enrage me not.—— [*Exit Camillus.*

K. I'll talk to thee anon.—How fares our Queen?

Q. E'en almost dead.

K. Come, cheer.—Where are your women?
Dear love, believe me, I am touch'd at heart;
For the dear creature was a favourite,
So fair and open hearted as she was.
I would indeed that she had not so charm'd
Our princely son; for in our views of state
'Tis policy that he wed Silvia.

Q. Policy!

Q. Policy!—It had, my Lord, been nobler policy
To have let affection, the pure gift o' the Gods,
Pursue the object it had bias to.
A father's frown is as a wrenching engine,
O'erturning every happy frame of mind,
And quite unhinging all.
K. Young eyes see not as prudence ought to see;
Oft fascinated are they to their harm.
Q. How in this case, my Lord, to harm?
Tho' Lady Silvia claims a kingly wealth—
Had not my daughter a far nobler claim,
Of ample territory on Afric Strands?
Time was, my Lord, you lov'd me twenty times
Beyond what now you shew—my child you priz'd—
A boon most precious from the glorious Gods:
Nay, you were wont to say, as you survey'd
Their sports of childhood, that they shou'd unite,
At riper age in marriage; so much love
And tender feelings were perceiv'd i'the bud.
But why, my Lord, should we recal those times?
They all are past—and never to return:—
She's dead—the Prince is free.—I, most unhappy
In losing her—the dearest, sweetest companion
That the wide world contain'd.—Go—go—my Lord,
Pursue what you have at heart; there is no let,
Nothing

Nothing to oppose you now.—I'll to my chamber,
There will I bury me; and all my joy
Must be to recollect the happy scenes
Which are now lost for ever.—Adieu, my Lord—
Be tender to the Prince, let me beseech you,
Approach him gently—be not harsh unto him.
Let time work off the sharp edge of his grief.
He then will be more pliant to your will.—
To me 'twou'd be a double misery
A prey shou'd he be to grief:—Prize him must I at heart
My son for ever.

K. Dear Love, doubt not the tenderness of love:
Columna lives now with the mighty Gods;
We must not grieve but seek to happiness,
From what is left us.—Give me your hand—
Our Empress ever. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*The Fairy Palace.*

COLUMNA *and* LEONA *reposing on Flowers.*—TITANIA *and Fairies singing.*

'Fairies of the moon-light glades,
'Hands around, around—
'Fill with song these echoing shades;
'This is all enchanted ground.
'Warble, warble, as ye glance,
'In the light fantastic dance.

CHORUS.

'Warble—warble—trip it round,
'This is all enchanted ground. *(A Dance.)*

T. How do our gentle prisoners?

C. If this be all your prison——these your chains,
And these most pretty creatures gaolers to us,
I'll never more request my liberty.
Nay, I'll not go hence tho' you shou'd bid me.
This place is Heav'n, and ye its habitants,
And we full happy to be lov'd by you.
I pray you sit down by us.—Whence is your musick?
It sounded as from the all-vacant sky.
Where are the sweet musicians?—wou'd I cou'd see them.

T. You

T. You cannot see them, love, they are air,
Light air: yea such as human eye beholds not.
What you deem vacancy and solitude,
Had you our eyes, you'd see is peopled all
With numberless bright spirits ever gay;
They are the ghosts of the departed, who
Unmanacled and cleans'd of earthly taints,
Live all felicity: their songs you hear,
Oft times a-summer's nights in th' echoing woods,
Or solitary on the desert rock,
Chaunting their hymns unto the midnight Iris,
When all the busy world is hush'd in sleep.
C. Is death so blest release? O, happy state!
T. 'Tis the soul's liberty; for nothing dies:
Altho' the road is sometimes terrible,
By pain and dire disease—the parting pang—
Disorders they of the fine machine of Heaven.
These are the thorns—none else before Death's cavern:
Virtue yet paramount to all.
C. Henceforth, methinks, I shall not fear that word;
Virtue, I know, in all states is our angel.
T. E'en so—and when your enemies grow strong—
Too strong—'tis then your unseen guards of sky

Do

Do interpose; you call them accidents,
Things which, in truth, have no existence---none.
Thus, had the course of human thoughts gone on,
Ere this, you fairest, had been sacrific'd
Unto Leander; who in cast of soul
Is wide of you, and your dire enemy.

C. O, blest to have escap'd!

T. If it were for your good, I could disclose
A plot of his against your gentle being,
Whose littlest word wou'd quite appal your heart.
But we have snatch'd you thence, from tender love;
Yea, and will keep you safe from every foe.

C. O, thanks---thanks---thanks---for goodness to us!----
But it would set my heart at easy rest,
To know Camillus's fare.----If thou canst tell---
Beseech you to reveal.

T. Fairest Columna——
Rest you content till time shall all develope.
Meanwhile you must forego all anxious thought;
You must be cheerful like a bird of spring.----
Come---come, fair mistress, get you to the field---
A dozen elvies are to frolick there,
To make your merriment---get you gone---
And with them pluck the prettiest flow'rs that grow,
And weave them into garlands for my state.

C. I am

C. I am not much inclin'd to being merry—
I cou'd sit here and weep.—I know not why—
Sure 'tis no sorrow for our being here.—Beseech you,
Look not upon us now with angry eyes.

T. No, fair Columna: we know of what you are made;
We know your springs of pleasing melancholy;
This heaviness is virtue's testimony;
But 'tis not fit it be indulg'd.—Rouse—hie—away.
It needs some dissipation—away—away
To the field——we'll meet you there anon.

[*Exeunt Columna, Leona, and certain Fairies.*

Enter CYNTHILLA.

C. Oberon is at hand——e'en now he met me
And forc'd me to reveal where you sojourn'd.

T. Thou hast done ill.—

Enter OBERON *and Attendants.*

O. How now, Titania?—Sicilia holds thee yet!

T. Ay, my good Lord, unto its future joy.

O. We long have borne a mind of anger to thee,
But 'tis not fit we fall to foul dissentions.—
Tell me, Titania, where is Columna hidden?
'Tis certain thou dost know; for were she dead,

The

The Prince's mind wou'd be more tractable;
Still 'tis ill bent, resisting our appulse:
Produce her to our view.

T. Give me your promise, that no damps shall fall—
No blight—no airy blast—no necromantic spell,
And I will shew her thee most willingly.—

Ob. Release the Prince's mind unto my will,
And thou shalt then command my love in all.

T. There is a spring, my Lord, in Fairy Land,
You may remember, of such sovereign pow'r,
That by thrice drinking thence our purest sight
Is cleans'd of every error.—Hear, my Lord:
We'll hither send a light-wing'd messenger
To fill a flagon; and to end dispute,
Let us try which in this case 'tis that errs,
Or thou, or I.—Believe me, I am vex'd
To see me banish'd your society;
And if the fault be mine, low at your feet
I'll pardon crave, and yield me quietly.

Ob. Within this hour it shall be done, Titania;
Your gentleness doth pluck all gall away.
Go, Robin, draw of that same golden well,
And quick return: Till then, your hand, Titania,
And be it now, as ever the joy of our heart.

R. Ay, master, in a twinkling. [*Exit R.*

Ob. Meanwhile, my Queen, the affairs of this bright reign

Shall

Shall not by us be sway'd. — Shew me the Princess;
We give our promise, not a thought we'll bear
That frowns upon her.——
T. Thou shalt, my love, this very moment see her:
Ay, and thou must awhile converse with her.
Ob. Lead on, Titania. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.——*An open Court.*

Enter LEANDER *and* PEDRO.

L. Nay, Pedro, be assur'd I mean to pay thee;
But hitherto I only have the will
Without the power.——You know how matters stand:
My father, shrew the niggard! doth withhold
Supplies sufficient for my exigents;
But when I shall wed Silvia—then, my lad,
You shall have ducats plentiful as dates.
P. My Lord, you have made villains of us both,
And when we ask our hire—'tis then you say,
'I'the time to come I'll pay you.'—No, my Lord,
My patience is worn out with waiting time;
I wou'd I'd never borne you company—
Nor been complotter with you.
Lr. How now, man?——Moody!

P. Ay,

P. Ay, my Lord; jests pay no debts;
And if you do not pay me all you owe me
Within this hour—I'll get me to the King
And—for I have some punctures of remorse,
Which are not to be rul'd by ought but gold—
I must discover, and confess all to him.

Lr. How, villain! then stop thy mouth in time.

(Draws, makes a pass at him—Pedro escapes.)

Enter SEBASTIAN,

S. How now, my Lord?—Drawn!

Lr. Didst thou not meet the villain?

S. Who—my Lord?

Lr. Pedro.——

S. I did, my Lord; and in a sweating haste.

Lr. I wou'd for ten thousand ducats thou hadst stabb'd him;
The traitor's gone to make discovery,
Of all our secresies unto the King.—

S. I cou'd have stay'd him—and had I so known
So wou'd I have done it.

Lr. I'll send and poison him.

S. Twill be long
Ere he gain audience of the King.

Lr. Why what's the matter?——

S. My Lord Lucullus lay at point of death

As

As I came forth. His Highness close attends
In person at his couch.

Lr. O, most sad news! Lose shall I Silvia,
If he shou'd die.—I'll get me thither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A grand Bed Chamber.*

LUCULLUS *sick.*—KING, SILVIA, CAMILLUS, *Physicians, &c. &c.*

K. How fares your Lordship now?

Phy. His speech doth fail him, but his moving lips
Denote he wou'd say something of import.
Beseech you, Lady Silvia, to draw nigh;
His eyes seem bent towards you.

Sil. O, misery, to behold thee thus!
There's something else at his heart—
He signs that you, Camillus, shou'd approach.
(*Lucullus joins the hands of Silvia and Camillus, kisses them, and falls back.*)

K. It shall be so, my Lord.—Peace, so be to you—
If that affordeth peace.——Speak—thy consent,
'Twill be a requiem to a dying man.

C. I wish I could afford the good soul peace;
But for my own repose it doth behove me,
Not to give promise so precipitate.

My

My Lord Lucullus, set your thoughts at ease,
Your daughter shall be happy.

L. Amen.——

(A noise of fighting heard without.)

K. What tumult's that so near a dying man?
Take them to prison whosoe'er they be.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. O, help, my Lords!—there's murder at the door.
Leander has slain his friend Don Pedro.

Enter LEANDER.

Lr. Hush!—Peace!—'Tis but a villain slain.—
I wou'd he had made less noise.——

K. Take him away.—The good man shakes his head
At such a deed.

Lr. I beseech your Highness.

K. Not a word—take him to ward.

[*Exit with Leander.*

Phy. Life is at the last ebb.—His pulse now ceases—
Take your farewel for ever.

K. Long lov'd, long honour'd friend, farewel!
Ye gentle ministers conduct his soul

To the blest habitations of the just.
Farewel—farewel.

S. O, my father—art thou gone so soon!—
Must we be parted!—shall we meet no more!
O, woe—woe! Where shall I see a friend
Like thee, my dearest father!

C. O, Lady Silvia, comfort!

S. Where—where shall I find comfort now?

C. By looking to the Gods—the arbiters
Of life and death—most just in all they do.

K. Better let sorrow take its ample range;
'Tis time must lessen it.——
E'en here, the counsel of a friend is harsh.
Madam, beseech you, quit this grievous sight—
Retire awhile.—— [*Scene shuts.*

SCENE IV.——*The Fairy Palace.*

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA.

Ob. Well, my Titania, I approve your charge;
Freely I mix opinion now with you.
I frankly own I have been error-led:
No need for test.—The beauteous object
(And, oh, most lovely in her soul's soft graces!)
Hath by her looks and conversation clear'd
The eye-glass of my mind.—I grant decree,
That gives her to my minion youth Camillus.
Henceforth all blest in CUPID's purple bands.

T. Now

T. Now all things will go on with harmony.
The blasting East shall now no longer blow—
The flowers shall send forth their suspended fragrance—
Music shall now be heard in every grove,
And the pale moon, which late hath sculk'd in cloud,
Shall now shine brightly out and light our revels.
Come, my fair love, I'll crown thee with moss roses,
And pour dews on thee wept from violets.
Carnations and the wild wood jessamine,
Shall form my Lord's couch in the pleasant vale.
Let us revisit our fair prisoner;
And plot how we may give her to the Prince,
Who now is rob'd in error's sable stole.

Ob. Yea, he doth mourn; and since Lucullus' death,
He hath set Silvia up in his mind's thought:
And viewing consequences, ruminates
An he shou'd wed her.——

T. Say'st so!—'Tis time we intervene
To stop the erring course of human prudence—
And yet that cannot be.——

(*Mournful music is heard.*)

Enter a Fairy.

F. O, heavy is the news I have to tell—
She's dead! our dear bird's dead!

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T. How so?—Speak! How?
F. Poison'd—as is her fellow.
T. Who hath done this?
F. Themselves. — Their own most innocent deed:
Straying along the hedge woods of the vale,
Some lovely fruitage of a golden coat,
Caught the observant eye——
And being thirsty, as the sun wax'd warm,
They eat most freely of the insidious plant,
That look'd so fair. Nor had they eaten long,
Ere down they dropp'd, of gentle life bereav'd.
T. My fair Columna!—Ah, me!—
Ob. Nay, but they shall not die.
There shall my power be shewn—
Go bear them to a still and solemn place,
And on a flow'ry couch let them be laid.
My mother was a fairy strong in charms—
So strong she cou'd controul the changeful moon.
And case the hot sun's long meridian beams.
I'll tell thee now, since fair peace settles us,
And gentle love again unites us twain,
I'll tell thee, Fairy mine—when wrath ran high,
I did devise, not knowing whom I wrong'd—
I did devise the enchantment which now holds her:
The spell pronounc'd was of an endless sleep;

But

But now we break that spell—breaking this lance;
And ere the fourth sun of this month shall dawn,
To gild GIBELLO's cloud-compelling top,
Your Prince shall call Columna back to life.

T. Thanks, thanks, dear Fairy — thrice, my lovely Oberon!
Shall my most loving Prince awake his love?
The mode be my devising.—Yes, yes, he shall—
Your hand, my Oberon, 'tis an happy time,
And all be happy thro' the rolling globe,
Now we are all accordant, all are so—
Wars now shall cease, and Janus gates shall close.
Music and dance be our's.

Ob. Be thou our charm for ever.—In turn I'll crown thee,
With the lov'd pansy, and sweet amaranth,
The thornless rose, which shepherds love to plant,
With versed love, between their mistress breasts.
And clasp thee ever thus, and thus my love.—

T. And I too, Oberon, will clear thine eye
With euphrasy and rue, that nothing shall deceive thee,
And this thy prison house never to scape away.
[*Embracing him.*

Ob. All goes to our decree. — We rule the world —

Rescind we now irascibilities:
The source and seeds of human blood shedding—
Come, my Titania—let us go survey
Where fair Columna sleeps — our sentence is
begun,
There ends in pleasure all.——It is a scene
First of Amœnities, i'the artist's eye—
Come, fairies, let us fly.——

SONG.

'Lapt in the still surrounding shade,
'In sleep's enchanted grove,
'Columna rests—too like the dead
'Till wak'd by voice of love.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I. (1) —— *The magnificent Fairy Palace, or Pavilion in the deepest Woods.* —COLUMNA *and* LEONA *are seen reposing.*—*A death-like Silence envelopes all things.*—*After a long Pause, an aërial Flute is heard and soft concerto of horns at a distance, and approaching by degrees.*—*The Princess makes Signs of Pleasure in her Sleep.*

Enter OBERON, TITANIA, *and Trains.*

SONG.

'What is life!—a pleasant dream,
'To the good and virtuous given.
'A thousand years as one may seem,
'Time is nought in hand of Heaven.
'Let no rude tempest here invade,
'Solemn sleep the Gods approve,
'Tho' death-like be this silent shade,
'Soon ye wake to joy and love.

Ob. See, gentle Queen, how works our potent spell,
This distillation of strong necromancy,
And sense-enchaining juice of herbs and flow'rs—

(1) Note.—Let the Ornaments of this Scene be the '*ne plus*' of the Stage.

Look, fair Titania—view the effect of all.
'Tis an enchanted grove,
Entranc'd are all in fetters of sweet sleep:
Mark, the dread silence that envelopes all—
Each spirit o'the wood—the little burgher,
Linnet and lark, are husled up in sleep.
The fire-ey'd stag o'the mountain
Lies motionless—as is the spotted pard
And sun-invading eagle—yea, the fish o'the sea,
And flood itself, is by a sleep arrested.
All nature stops whilst fair Columna sleeps.
All too awake as fair Columna wakes;
Yet all in our controul—Hark! i'the air
Our little cherub sings!

AIR.

'Roll again ye orbs of sky,
'Seasons in rotation move;
'Awake, awake, soft melody,
'Music, song, and life, and love. [*Exeunt.*

(*Scene shuts.*)

SCENE II.——*The Woods.*

Enter FORESTERS.

1*st F.* Hath it appear'd again?

2*d F.* We have watch'd these two long hours, and all is quiet.

1*st F.*

Believe me, 'twas some foolish thing like this,
A jay, a starling, a parrot from the court.

2d F. No such thing—not a leaf mov'd.

1st F. A parrot, on my life, flown from the palace,
Hath put you from your heroism.

3d F. No substance—a voice and nothing else.

1st F. A parrot, on my life, and nothing else—

2d F. Hark! there is the fluttering.

(*Voice.*)—'Camillus—O, Camillus!'

1st F. That's no parrot.—Your pardon, gentlemen;
This is something strange indeed.

3d F. 'Tis all dead silence—no more——

1st F. Had I not heard it — now myself, my very self,
I'd ne'er believ'd it, tho' the best reported it——
List!—List!
I'll to the Prince with this relation strange—
You bear me company.—So rare a thing
Needs many witnesses to make it credited.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*An Apartment.*

Enter CAMILLUS *with a Letter and Page.*

C. Didst thou see the Queen?

P. I did, my Lord:—being told I came from you,
She forthwith order'd me into her presence,
Many and very tender her enquiries,
As how your highness look'd, if gay or grave.

C. What saidst thou unto that?

P. The very truth, my Lord.—I told her Grace
That sadness sojourn'd with you; and that of late
You never laugh'd as you us'd.
I hope I've not offended—

C. No, my good boy—thou hast done well.

P. Her highness seem'd well pleas'd at my reply.
She gave me then that letter and some ducats;
And bade me quick return,
And chace your melancholy with some songs
Your highness us'd to love.—

C. I thank thee.—Leave me, good-boy—
Be ready when I call.— [*Exit Page.*
O, the perplexity that girds me around!
Thou fairest dearest soul, thou art gone for ever;
Thou

1*st F.* Nor heard!

2*d F.* Nor heard.——Not one word will I believe.

1*st F.* Nay, but hear us—four nights agone—
As I live, 'twas true—and no delusion.

2*d F.* In the antient time I've read
Of vocal leaves—spirits in caverns deep—
Shrieking ghosts o'the dead,
Th' inventions of sly priests, and simple women,
Tales of old wives for the clowns.
In these our brighter days we are better tutor'd,
And laugh at such ill-got imaginings:
Delusion all—or a dream—no more.

1*st F.* Our life's a dream—and this a dream of it.

F. But hear me, Sir.

F. I'll hear, but not believe.

F. Marchese and myself going our rounds,
To see the royal deer unhurt of robbers,
Were from this hollow tree, at first accosted
Thrice with the name Camillus!
Struck with amaze our very blood ran chill.

F. Indeed! but that's not strange—
I've heard of groaning trees, and musical stones,
Voices in mirky chines and depths unfathom'd.—

F. Courage then took we to survey the tree—
If any human being there were lodg'd;
None cou'd we find.—We then pursued our path,

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When not a two sling's cast we heard in the air,
In the open air, a fluttering like of wings.

1st F. Stranger still, by the mass—you mean alarm me—

F. No, nothing seen——it call'd again, Camillus.

And last of all as on our way we past,
Much fancy struck herewith we heard the same
From the Cavern's mouth at entrance of the wood.

1st F. My dear friend, it was the effect of that fond fear,
Which every old wife plants in infant minds,
Which all our manly growth can ne'er deracinate.
This makes a man (who, in the city walks
By day-light, dares to meet the Devil himself,)
Shudder and quake to pass a lonely wood,
When twilight darkens it—his grannam's stories
Come thronging in his mind, and then it is,
He scarcely dares to cast his eye askance,
Which if he dares—he sees a spirst anon
Rise in each dingle—if a sycamore
Rattles his arid keys, his cheek falls pale,
And in those murmurs hears he frightful voices,
Which he interprets to the tune of his fancy.
Then should a white hind jump along the green
He swoons, persuaded 'tis his grannam's ghost.

Believe

They thwart, and wry my soul, and what the end?
War in the bosom for the public peace.
He plies me with the says of vulgar tongues:
" 'Tis prudence to bend knee to golden gods:
" A living Consort's doubly worth the dead:
" Life lives by life——What's gone shou'd be forgot."
No, no, no!—this breast shall be the living chapel;
For here's Columna sepulchred. I, true Devotee,
Thither retire, and live by meditating,
As thus the dear soul us'd—thus smil'd—
Thus thought—thus mov'd.—Ah me!—Gone—gone——
Now lives she with the Gods in bliss eterne.—
I here——(*Sighs.*)

(Page without.)——My Lord.

C. Come in.——

Enter Page.

P. There are some Foresters, my Lord, without,
Who pray a word with your Highness.

C. Conduct them in.
What can they bring me now?

Enter

Enter Foresters.

1*st F.* Save you, my Lord.

C. Give you good-morrow, Sir,
What is it you demand of us!

1*st F.* Nothing, my Lord, but that you think us true,
No laars in the thing we have to tell.

C. To tell! Ha!—Then tell it freely, what you may affirm,
I well can credit, for I think you are honest.

1*st F.* I do not know, my Lord, what it denotes—
The world, say what men will, hath its supernaturals:
Which reason put to foil—
A voice in the air, your name, my Lord, pronounc'd
With clear'st articulation.

C. My name!—A voice!—What mean you?

F. My Lord, in brief, we will relate the thing
That has to us befall'n.—Few nights agone,
These purlieu men, watching the royal deer,
Have heard this strange and preternatural voice,
First from an antient oak—in the air next—a cavern then—
Accompanied with flutt'rings as of wings,
It called "Camillus."—Curiosity
And love of your Highness prompted me the thought

To

Thou canst not come again into warm life;
To thee we shall repair when fate so wills.——
If thou wert living, tho' a prisoner,
Rash'd to a distant soil, Hope ne'er shou'd die.
Hope is man's life, and that now should be mine,
Were there a spot to cast Hope's anchor on;
Yea but an atomy—the veriest sand;
But Hope—my comfort, all—all's rash'd away—
Love's oaths all cancell'd—fled to empty air,
And Death's grim FIAT nothing-nises vows,
Tears into shreds of non-existencies
What were the gauds of holy rhapsodies,
When hope hung out her flattering gonfalons.
Whither now fly! Where delve the precious mine
To find love's diamond like to that so stolen?
The brightest glory of my smiling soul!
Then the gay bridegroom we, on his wedding day:
For when she liv'd, Hope was our richest robe.
Dire violence enter'd has love's fair domain:
Despoil'd the Fairy Queen—Queen of my life!
And left me naked on the howling heath,
A beacon of distress—Storm stricken traveller!—
Heart wounded swain by fortune's poisonous shafts.
No Chiron's art—No anodyne o'the soul
To speak me comfort.——

Howl

Howl tempests!—howl!—Let hurricanoes rise,
And sigh to the blasting spirit of the night
All piteous of my woe:—an isolate.
Woe doubles where no friend participates;
But in distress what like the face of friend?
Yet will I live on dreams—think her alive—
And clasp her image to my heart of hearts.
So keep the purity of true love's oaths.
Let gay idea make a new creation—
Call Paradise as erst from inanity:
And live on visions—the fond hermit's bliss.
Dreams sometimes give the prime of love's delights
Extatic happiness—poignant as the touch
Of all substantial bliss—then dreams be mine.—
'Tis many a virgin I have seen and lov'd,
But thou, Columna, didst o'er-tow'r them all,
Thou stoodst unmatch'd, the paragon o'the world,
Pharos of female brilliancy on high,
Illuming earth's extremes—its guide, its joy.
This globe holds not in any rich colure,
Thy similar; and if I marry not,
Till I behold thy like, 'tis very plain,
I ne'er shall marry.——
The Queen herself, howe'er her interests lie,
Commends me; nay commands me as her son,
For peace o'the state to think on Silvia.
The King too that way becks in the state's policy.
Impossible!—No heart in the compact; mine

They

To be the witness—should it speak again.
And this last night I rounded too the woods,
And to my great and dread astonishment,
I heard this viewless voice cry out 'CAMILLUS.'

C. It is Columna's ghost that flits about—
Her beauteous corse unburied save in the maws
Of savage beasts and vermin of the woods.
My dear wife's ghost!—Wou'd I cou'd go with ye,
Have I no enemies?—Where is Leander?
I heard he meditated 'gainst my life.

1*st F.* If that your Highness doubts our loyalty
Take you some guards—As for my Lord Leander,
He is in ward for killing of his friend.

C. O, I remember—Well, look ye friends,
I trust you are honest, and I'll go with you
To-morrow at midnight.
Speak nought, good fellow, till we may approve
What such a visitation doth portend;
So till to-morrow fare ye well, good fellows.

[*Exeunt For.*

A voice in the air that calls my name!—A voice!
The bare relation fills me with more fear
Than wou'd an army's shoutings — Wou'd the night were come!
Till then I rest on thorns—I dream'd last night,
As several nights, that yet Columna lives.
Well, peace my soul, until to-morrow night.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*——SILVIA *in a mournful Posture.*——*Music, and Ladies waiting.*

S. Nay, bid the music cease, 'tis very harsh,
It hath no charms for me—When the mind's vex'd,
The softest sounds of music but offend.
I've lost the relish of all things on earth—
Wou'd I were dead!

Lady. Madam, by thus indulging melancholy
You make it but the more your enemy.

S. I have no parent left in all the world;
My dear—dear father is for ever gone;
And he whom I have long set love upon,
Gives in return but cold and curs'd disdain.
O Constance, when I look upon these things,
As they are ever present to my sight,
Have I not reason to be eat of grief,
And weary of my life?

L. In sooth, dear Lady, no.—Your source of grief
In losing of your father, is the same
That thousands, yea that millions daily prove,
But few like you have sorrow's antidote,
I mean such copious stores as now are your's.
The good Lord died bewept of every eye,

He

He cou'd not live for ever—'tis a blessing,
To leave life's stage with that so great applause
As he quit being.

S. How can I find ease,
To see the Prince return my looks of love,
With no regard that's precious?——Think of that.

L. Are there not many Nobles of the Court
Blooming and all endow'd as well as he,
Save that of royalty?—Had not Leander
Enchaf'd the spirit of my Lord the King,
And thereby lost his favourable thought,
In him your affections might have happy been,
As with the Prince—but it is said
That since Columna's death my Lord the King
Hath so beset the Prince in view of you,
And won the espousal of his Queen herein,
That more than half he's beaten from his hold.

S. Is this so indeed.

L. In very deed:—and from so good report,
That I do nothing doubt it.

S. O, thou dost cheer my spirit all anew—
For by that word thou bidst me live again.
Wou'd I cou'd hear it from his own dear lips!—
I'll go find out the King.
But if this prove phantasma and a dream,
I'll hide me in a desart from the sight

Of

Of all perfidious lovely cursed man—
And shun them, hate them, ne'er behold them more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Woods.*

Enter CAMILLUS *and* FORESTERS.

2d F. From yonder oak, my Lord, it first address'd us,
And mov'd with viewless step to yonder opening,
There it was gone.—

1 F. It spake from yon green mound when I did hear it.

C. Would I cou'd hear it.—Hear it——any thing.

1st F. This is the witching time of night,
An hour before day-break.

C. Methinks I dread what I most wish to hear,
(*Apart.*)—Oh heart that pantest after this strange voice!
Why dost thou beat so nimbly at my side?
Why is my brain now full of fantasies?
Each putting on an aspect horrible.
Certain it is her ghost, and she is dead!—
What communings with the living have the dead?
Is it not to upbraid me for some fault?—
Fault!—what fault?—Dost hear ought, Silvius?

1st F. Nothing, my Lord.

C. Silvius,

C. Silvius, you have not kept this secret close.

1*st F.* Nothing has 'scap'd from me, my Lord.

2*d F.* Nor me, my Lord.—

C. The Lady Silvia hath some knowledge of it,
And deeming my intentions here to meet it,
An high and inexpugnable affront,
She in a violent inconsiderate rage,
Resolves to take the vow of a single life;
And with the virgin sisters of the convent,
To live for ever mew'd.

1*st F.* I heard the same, my Lord.

C. This very morning will she be invested
In the habit of the cold and austere Saints.

2*d F.* My Lord—my Lord——
There is the fluttering noise in the air.

Voice. Camillus—O Camillus!

C. What wouldst thou with Camillus?—
Speak—he is prompt to answer.—What art?

Voice. Happy Camillus—Columna lives.

C. Lives!—Columna lives!—

A SONG IS HEARD.

Happy slumbers now must break:
Golden visions melt away,
Wake thou Sleeping Beauty—wake,
Comes Camillus—come the day.

Guardian

Guardian spirits of the good,
Shew this wonder of the wood:
O, gentle sleep begone;
Reveal—enlarge
Your amourous charge,
Now the dream of joy is done.

C. Whate'er thou art—
Be visible, or I shall doubt my ears.——

(*A sudden light illuminates the depth of the Wood, and the Apparition of a young Virgin comes forth.*)

C. Form of the blessed — spirit of happy tidings—
What of Columna?

Ap. Happy Camillus—Columna lives.
In the depth of this high wood she lives;
There kept for thee by them who love ye both.

C. Columna!—

Ap. She, I say—hither am I sent
To lead thee where she lies in form of death.
Tis thou must waken her again to life;
And hence conduct her as thy happy bride.—
Follow and fear not.——

C. Lead, lead away—I follow in full faith.

SCENE

SCENE V. *The Pavilion in the Wood.*

(*Columna and Leona in deep Sleep. — After a long and profound Silence still and solemn Music is heard.—Then enter the Fairies singing.*)

SONG.

Softly Fairies, softly go,
Lightly tripping on the toe,
To the music soft and slow.
Death that thought to seize his prey,
By our pow'r is chas'd away,
You shall wake at break of day.
And all you have suffer'd here,
Like a night-dream shall appear.
His steps advance,
Hark! Hark!—he comes——
Hark! Hark!—he comes
Spirit-led, unto thy bed,
To break this trance.

CHORUS.

Hark!—Hark, &c. [*Exeunt Fairies.*

Enter CAMILLUS.

C. Whence is that music?—In earth or air?—
The sweetest notes that human sense e'er struck.
Soft—

Soft—what a splendid place is this!
Where am I?—All silence—all stillness here—
As are the regions of the blessed dead.
My guide did vanish as I 'gan descend
Into this valley.——Hark, a sound!—No, all is still
As is night's deepest waste.—List, what murmurs?
'Tis like the gentle breathing of soft sleep,
Or the sweet swelling of the southern gale,
That whispers o'er a bed of violets,
Stealing a fragrant kiss.—Sure 'tis from thence—
I hear it still.—I think my guide forewarn'd
That I shou'd find her like to very death,
Ere that the morning broke.——Morn now 'gins break,
And what is sleep but death's nice imag'ry;
E'en all I see seem wrapp'd in deepest sleep.
Soft, soft, what's here—'tis she—'tis she—
All praise and adoration, gentle Gods!
Lovely she looks as she were ever wont,
Shall I awake her?—Peace, peace—O, patience,
Fairest Columna, beauteous, loving nymph,
Thou art alive, and blessed be the Gods,
That have preserv'd thee thus—Leona too!
Sleep on, sleep on, ye gentlest of all beings,
I dare not break a sleep that seems so happy.
Ha!—see she smiles.—Oh, how shall I forbear.

(*Music plays.*)

Surely

Surely this is a vision—my senses are enwrapt!
How shall I know that this is certain truth?
(*Taking her hand.*)
'Tis warm—'tis warm!—thou dearest fairest creature,
Awake—open those radiant eyes, and bless Camillus!

(*As Columna awakes, all things by gentlest degrees begin to awake.—The Water-falls resume their Motion.—Birds their Song, and the Trees begin to unfold.*) (*Fairy music.*)

Col. Ay, by the moonshine, let me see your dances,
Your music makes this place an heaven to me.
Hush, hush, a spirit!—Who, what art thou?
Where am I?—In sooth, 'tis dreary dark — Oh, Oh—
Who now hath torn me from my sweet Elysium?
Who, who—what art thou?—a man so near!

C. I am nothing if thou art displeas'd.

Col. Where am I?—How came I here.—'Twas cruel
To snatch me from Elysium.----Where are my friends?
Where is the Queen? Where is Titania? Speak, say.
She promis'd me the Prince shou'd come.

C. Hast thou forgot Camillus? I am he.

Col. Soft, soft, peace.—Art thou Camillus?—
Good sooth, I know not what I am, nor where—
I talk amazedly.

C. Be calm, fair soul, you are not wak'd.

Col. Ay, 'tis Camillus now, for very truth.—
Leona wake, wake—it is Camillus——
I thought I never shou'd behold you more:
I've been, methinks it is a score of years,
In a new world with happy spirits fill'd—
But art thou indeed Camillus?

C. I am, and thy dear love!—Rise up, my mistress ever.

What have I suffer'd since you disappear'd!

Col. My dearest Lord, I have been, as it were, dead;
But yet in Paradise among such creatures,
That makes me almost loath this world I come to.
Strange is my tale; but midst my happiness,
Your dearest image was in every thought;
And now my joy is all complete to meet you,
In the arms of love.—Tell me is Lady Silvia——

Enter Fairies.

O, here are my kind friends!—O, Camillus,
To these I owe my life and happy being.

C. What gracious forms are these?
I've heard old Fame make amiable mention,

Yet

Yet never had of eyes the testimony
To say such were.——
Ob. Camillus and Columna,
Listen in brief—you both are children to us,
Altho' for parents ye have never known us:
We did preside at your nativity.
Fair Prince, you've been our charge from that dear time,
As hath thy radiant love been of our Queen.
Till now, unseen, we have accompanied you,
And all the noble treasures of your minds
Are our choice gifts.—We've leagu'd you each for the other;
And tho' your earthly parents lean'd for others,
Our wills were still predominant.—Hence to the Palace.
Go quickly, shew your Princess is in life.
The King's mind we have now bent to receive
Your high accomplish'd mistress as your wife.
Go hence—the new risen sun will light your paths,
And present we will be to grace your nuptials,
And bless your marriage bed. Hence, quick away,
Stay not to muse upon us—time shall be
We shall be better known, till then farewell.
(*Fairies vanish.*) [*Exeunt Cam. and Col.*

SCENE VI.—*The Palace.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, *&c. &c.*

K. This deposition of his dying comrade,
Proves him the villain of the universe.
When knaves fall out it is the birth of truth.
Bring him before us, they say he is penitent.

Att. He is, and much requests to see the Prince,
To ask forgiveness of him.

K. Call the Prince.

Att. Ere day-break he is gone forth, my Lord.

K. Bring hither the villain — whom to call nephew
We are asham'd. His plot against your daughter,
Tho' effect it had not, merits instant death;
Nay twenty deaths are his for having conspir'd
To kill our Princely son, and it is said
He had a view against our royal person.

Enter LEANDER *guarded.*

Thou miscreant wretch, what's all this reported,
That makes thee high accurs'd?

Lr. Force me not to repeat—I own all.
I do not ask forgiveness!—Then let fall
Your wrecking wrath.—I merit more—much more
Than you can well inflict.

Q. Villain!

Q. Villain! Where is my daughter?
Lr. What my vile brain contriv'd against her
Was worse than death.—I own it.—Her dishonour,
By rapine, I had devis'd; but there are Gods,
As now I well perceive.—They sav'd her from me.
No actual harm from me hath yet approach'd her!
But whether live or dead to me's unknown.
I forg'd the lie of her death by a wolverin.
Her scarf was given me by a Forester;
And in the villany of my heart was bred
The thought to steep it in blood, that so my tale
Might have a look of truth.——Where is the Prince?
From my soul, I wish to shew him all the evil
Plann'd out against him.—Me, he cannot pardon.
No; let him, as I do unfold the tale—
Inflict for each word a death wound.—O, curst is he,
That aims by undue means at royalty;
Your Highness gave my hopes the briskest blood,
By promising succession to the man
Who shou'd wed Silvia.—On your son's refusal
Me you did look to next;—Love I had none—
Ambition was my view; and lest the Prince
Shou'd turn affection and so ruin me,

My meaner ministers I did suborn
To poison him.

K. Ha! and ourself was to have fallen.——

Lr. That I deny.—O, do not make me worse
Than what I am—your Highness in my thoughts
Went ever free.

K. Methinks I pity thee, that human nature
Cou'd ere admit in one so much of vile.

Lr. O, do not pity me; but take revenge.

K. Camillus shall do that——see where he comes.
What beauteous form is that he hands along?
Or do my eyes deceive me—sure 'tis Columna,
Or her similitude.—What's this?

Q. Yea, 'tis my daughter.

Enter CAMILLUS, COLUMNA, *&c.*

Cam. Not dead, but lives to bless us all.
How now!—How fares our royal mother—look up,
Your daughter lives.—Look up and bless us both.

Q. The Gods pour down their copious gifts upon ye,
Where hast thou been preserv'd, my life, my joy!
Dear soul, where hast thou liv'd—what suffer'd?—

Col. By miracles I live.

Cam. It is enough that she is found,
And safe as you perceive.—The means, at leisure,
She

She shall dilate upon.—Prepare ye to receive
A tale as strange as true.

K. My blessing on ye both—be ye henceforth
United as ye wish——I will the same.
The Lady Silvia is no more a bar.

Col. Grant heav'ns she be not dead!

K. Dead to the world she is indeed;
For at the holy altar, she hath renounc'd
The world and all its joys, and is avow'd
A barren sister for the rest of life.

Col. Alas, that she is so lost!

(Leander throws himself at Columna's feet.)

What! who art thou? Leander, and in chains!

Lr. Forgiveness I ask not.—Take vengeance on me.

Cam. Avant thrice cursed villain—What dost thou here?
My life thou soughtest to defeat by poison—Ha!

Lr. I did; and here's my breast,
Strike at the cruel heart that form'd the thought.

Cam. Cans't be so penitent? Thou dost disarm me.
Away! thou ready weapon for revenge.

(Throwing away his sword.

Oh, heavens! what a solemnity of woe
Comes slowly on this way! O, what a change!
Is this the gay and sprightly Silvia?

If all heaven's habitants be such as she,
Who would remain without?

Enter SILVIA, *habited like a Nun, solemnly and wildly singing.*

'Hence bear me angels to your bowers,
'Wreath for me immortal flowers;
'There will I for ever sing
'To the high eternal King.'

Cam. O, Lady Silvia, sudden is this change—
Would'st thou hadst ta'en advice, and not thus thrown
Such a rich crop of youthful charms away.

S. O, Camillus, long may'st thou be happy in thy choice,
Long, very long be so.—It is too late
To say you pity me.—Nay, pity me not,
But rather join in thanks unto the Gods,
Who now have taken me unto themselves.
I now can see with pity human ties:
I knew what folks came to you t'other morn,
All ears were not then shut—look to your page—
Oh, methinks, I hate myself for having lov'd—
I would not for a score of dirty worlds,
Not be what now I am elected to.
I pity you.—Yes, yes—pity—the world!—
I have renounc'd mankind, and unto all

That

That once were dear to me, I am even dead:
My joys in view are of another cast.——

'Hence bear me Angels to your bowers,
'There will I for ever sing.'

Q. Alas, poor soul!

S. Who says alas?——I thought I once was happy,
But now I hate the things I doted on—
Ha, ha, ha—we are strange creatures ev'ry one,
There's nothing, in good sooth, i'the universe,
That now shou'd buy me back again from heav'n.
I'll pray for you, and you, and all of you.
I have a thousand shining ministers
Attending when I pray. (*Seems to pray.*)
I'll charge them with my prayers for every one,
And you shall all be happy.
(*Seeming to pray—then sings.*)

'Bear me to immortal bowers,
'There will I for ever sing.'

[*Exit* SILVIA *singing.*

Col. My heart weeps blood.—I see had I been dead
This fairest creature had not so been lost,
As now too likely seems.

K. Her

K. Her noble spirit could not brook the thoughts
Of loving and of not being lov'd in turn.

Cam. If there be any means of extricating her,
As that there are, I trust, she shall come forth.
And throughout our Sicilia I'll make search,
To match her with a youth of noblest grace,
Her wealth and beauty merit one the best.

K. There's no return—we can but pity, not relieve;
But let not this disturb our mirth on hand.
Repair we to the temple—bid the Priests
Prepare the ceremonies—let the people
Put on the garb of general merriment.
There shall not be a tear in all our isle,
If we can wipe it away.—Sound trumpets, sound,
Let revels reign.—Hark—hark!
There's music now begun.—Where is it?
These are no mortal sounds—listen a-while.
See, what are these! (*Aërial music.*)

Col. O, dearest creatures, welcome, welcome!

Enter FAIRIES *singing.*

SONG.

'Now these true-heart lovers meet,
'Happiness is all complete;

'Hither

'Hither trip it old and young,'
'Bring the pipe, begin the song;
'Dance it featly, Spirits gay,
'This is Hymen's holiday.' D. C.

Ob. Why do ye stand thus wonder-struck at us,
Know ye not who we are?—To mortal eye,
Tho' seldom 'tis that we stand visible,
There's not a little action of your lives,
That is not seen by us; and as we list,
We sway your minds. Know King, your princely son
Hath been our main joy since his hour of birth,
As hath his dear love been of this our Queen.
There was a difference in our Fairy State,
How to dispose of these in marriage knot.
'Twas then that man of sin was let to form
Imaginations mischievous to both.
Our gracious partner rap'd the Fair away,
And pour'd her indignations on his head;
And now, but that we mingle mercy with wrath,
His villanies had curs'd him to the earth.
Live these for ever happy, each in each,
Such is the will of fate, and we approve.
And from the thin transparent element,
We are forth come to bid you happiness,
And bless the bridal bed.—From them shall spring

A long

A long and glorious line of princely sons,
To make this island shine a radiant star,
Amid the wonders of the universe: be not amaz'd
At midnight hour, whilst this new moon shall last,
Your Palace shall resound with melody,
Then shall we take our flight to Fairy Land.
But get ye quickly to the Holy Altar,
There Love awaits with flowery union,
To make these blest—We thither fly before—
Hark, hark, our music even now begins:
But from this hour we are invisible.

(*Aërial music.*)

[*Fairies vanish—and exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE BY LEONA.

" ALL's well that ends well." So the Proverb says—
COLUMNA's married—I swim now at ease;
Her Maid of Honour, late her aid-du-camp,
In all her perils, woods and wilds among.
My blood runs cold when all the past is heeded—
That vile LEANDER!—had his plot succeeded.
Think, in a vale to have seiz'd our Virgin treasure,
Both victims to his gormandizing pleasure,
No help at hand to save us from perdition:
Prais'd be the Fairies for interposition!—
Good Heav'n's!—we beauties—what is our condition!
All, all our foes—bent for our vile disgrace,
Tho' each approaches with the 'sweetest face:'
Witness yon soldier swelling, sweeping, cooing,
Like a Tom pigeon his obsequious wooing.
Is he that fair one's friend?—If any ruffian
Were rude, he'd raise no doubt a mighty huffing.
But view his heart—is love, is friendship there?
His wants we know—and that is all his care—
The Captain quarters next—the Lord knows where.
Friends,

Friends are we to ourselves?---I fear to tell
How oft *we* are false, and yield the citadel.
Alas, too many here know that sad truth too well.
Is there no refuge—no asylum then?
Not e'en a QUIXOTTE from destroying men?
Our garter'd Knights tho' (1) sworn poor woman's friend,
How chang'd's the time!—Assail and not defend.
O, say---has gracious Nature fail'd us quite?
No; I aver, if woman's heart be right.
HONOUR's our fort,—(2) GIBRALTAR not more strong.
The Gods assist the virtue-loving throng;
Be the heart's garrison an honest train,
Open or covert war shall storm in vain.
To Hymen's summons sole capitulate,
Allow'd flags, drums, and all the pomp of the state.
Unwise the nymph with youth and beauty blest,
Who in a cloister locks her heart to rest,
Deaf to her lover, on the earth who kneels;
Nor feels the wounds his honest bosom feels.
Ah, think dear girls, how fast the years slip by—
How one by one the loves and graces fly.

(1) Vide the Installation Oath.

(2) Vide History of the famous Spanish Siege, under the glorious ELLIOT, 1782.

Youth's

Youth's softest bloom will quick grow sear and
tough,
And snowy down give way to dingy buff.
From your dear cloister shou'd ye deign to move,
And condescend to hear the tale of love---
Sad truth!---too late 'tis then to be a wife,
To the cloister back----back----back----a nun for
life!

T. P.

[*In the First Cast of the Plot of* CAMILLUS *and* COLUMNA, *the following Scene and Character of* THURIO *was intended.*]

SCENE IV.

ACT I.

Enter THURIO *and a* PAINTER.

Thu. A THOUSAND Crowns!

Paint. Yea, my Lord, no more.

Thu. No more!—the Devil!—No more—a thousand crowns for a picture!—Art mad—there's neither meat nor drink in it. Why, man, I would not give a thousand crowns for all the pictures in the universe, and the picture-makers to boot. A thousand crowns for a daub!——Ha, you, sirrah, Leander——my Lord Lucullus, rest you well.—*(Seeing Lucullus and Leander.)*

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Luc. Your Lordship seems enchaf'd; may we with manners ask the cause?

Thu. The cause, Sir? why, my Lord, 'tis enough to make a Saint sin against his patience.—Look here, my Lord—see this Bill. The sight of it hath almost blinded me.—A thousand crowns forsooth for a picture. You villain Son, and you double villain Painter, to make your property—this my prodigal. What thrift is here, where a man can find to sell a little compound daubry for a thousand crowns. I'll turn painter myself, by the Lord.

Luc. Whose picture is it you dispute about?

Paint. My Lord, 'tis of your daughter, Lady Silvia:
Whose cheek of beauty, to the Critic's eye,
Is Nature's mastery, and Art's despair!
Yet, Sir, by happiness most exquisite,
Beyond the painful effort of high art,
I have by fortunate chance so strongly happ'd
I'the delicate touch of feature,
That the beholder's eye is stopp'd with wonder,
And thinks a living soul before his eyes,
So looking—smiling, as in soft discourse.
If you, my Lord, who know the worth of Art,
Be pleas'd to look with abstract sense of favour,
Not mov'd or biass'd, or by ignorant speech
Of ignorant minds, or in the wrath o' the moment,
You'll own it merits double of the sum,
For which I did agree.—I shou'd not boast,
But in our art, my Lord, there lives a touch
Which industry can scarcely find, but flows
From pure felicity!—such hath befallen

In

In this our subject: and the execution
Exceeding far the image of my hope,
Makes me the idolater of my handy work.

Thu. Out of my sight—th' idolater of your handy-work! I'll have it burnt.—I'll not pay the thousand crowns—not I—come not to me. Let him see to it.—I have paid already so much for his follies as wou'd make a man of less temper than myself stark mad.—I'll pay none of it, not I.——

Luc. Bring me the picture, Sir, within this hour,
And if it is as you say, I'll pay you down
The thousand crowns in gold.

Thu. A thousand crowns for a picture!

Luc. Ay, my good Lord!

Thu. A thousand!

Luc. Two thousand, if my fancy be well hit.

Thu. O, Jupiter!

Luc. Painter, bring it to me incontinently,
Lord Thurio thinks it much, and hath refused it.
No going back, by my troth, it shall be mine;
I have a purpose, and this suits it well.

Thu. So!—Well, well, Painter, bring it to me.
It is the last of his extravagancies I will pay—
No matter, it is the last.

Luc. My Lord, it is too late.—I claim the picture;
Keep you your crowns, and I the picture.

Thu. Not so, not so; since the evil is done
It must so remain.—It shall not be said
That I, the brother of the King, did let
My younker's folly be discharg'd by others.

Luc.

Luc. My Lord, I will, and must have this same picture.
Hold, Sir, here's an earnest of an hundred.

Leander. O, Sir, let me beseech you.——

Thu. Lucullus touches me——here you dog—Painter, here's a purse of crowns.—I will have it;—yea, by the Lord, I'll have it; but if it were a tissue of gold, or gilt leather, to my mind, it would be better worth gold than vile canvass and stinking paint.

Luc. Think not to overthrow my claim.

Thu. Your claim!—what do you mean?

Luc. I'll give two thousand crowns.

Paint. My Lord, 'tis your's.——

Thu. Then I'll give thee three thousand.

Luc. Four thousand I.——

Thu. Five thousand—six thousand, or twice the largest sum Lucullus may.—By the Lord I'll have it.—Come along. [*Exeunt.*

Leand. Heav'ns bless thee, old Dolt, &c.

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